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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 111

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Republican "Civil War" 114
Spain and the Vatican 114
Crime and the Law 115
The New College in the West 116
Political Cartoons 117

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The Centenary of Cavour 118
News for Bibliophiles 120

CORRESPONDENCE:

"Great and Greater Britain" 121
Ink and Manuscripts 121
Work on Historical Records 121
"South" and "Sound" 122
A Correction 122
Facsimiles of the Gutenberg Bible .. 122

LITERATURE:

Orpheus: A General History of Religions 122
Enchanted Ground 123
The Perjurer 123
At the Sign of the Burning Bush 124
A Village of Vagabonds 124
The Livingstons of Livingston Manor 124
The Ascending Effort 125
The First Great Canadian 125

NOTES 126

SCIENCE:

How to Study Birds.—Notes on New England Birds.—Our Search for a Wilderness 128

DRAMA 130

ART:

Art in Berlin 130

FINANCE:

Readjusting a Financial Position 131

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 132

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910.

The Week.

To the people of New York nothing could have been a greater shock than the startling news that Mayor Gaynor was shot Tuesday morning on the deck of the steamer on which he was about to sail for Europe. As we write his life seems not to be in danger. His work in the Mayoralty has been of unique quality, and has been recognized everywhere as of the utmost value in the elevation of the standard of government in all our great cities. The distinctive personal quality, too, that has run through all his acts, has made him a living reality in the minds of the people, and not merely the representative of general principles of action. We trust that not many weeks will pass before he will again be in the full exercise of that extraordinary energy, alertness, and zeal for the public good which have already made his term of office, although still in its beginnings, a landmark in the history of New York city.

From all sides rise voices of Republican distress calling upon the President to cast the Hon. Jonah Ballinger overboard. Mr. Taft, after his custom, keeps his own counsel. By this time he is used to weathering outbursts of public clamor. Just what he thinks of Ballinger it may not be difficult to guess. But neither is it hard to guess what, in his heart of hearts, Mr. Taft thinks of Cannon and Senator Aldrich. Concerning Ballinger, the President is reported as absolutely determined to do nothing to force him from the Cabinet, yet, at the same time, as sitting up nights waiting for Mr. Ballinger to come around and hand in his resignation. We do not believe this is Mr. Taft's attitude, because it is a rather childish attitude for any man to assume. If the President is really anxious to rid himself of Ballinger now, no promise he may have given to the Secretary is binding. Reasons of state will always excuse an honest change of opinion. The truth probably is that, with the Ballinger investigating committee about to present its report, the President honestly feels that the Secretary should not be condemned by anticipation.

The inquiry of the Congressional committee has already fully justified Senator Gore in the position he took in the closing days of the session with regard to the purchase of lands from the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. His interposition at that time not only caused the immediate abandonment of a scheme which is admitted virtually on all hands to have been essentially fraudulent, but led to the investigation now going on, which is likely to result in some thoroughgoing reforms. Mr. Gore did not make any charges against Senators or Representatives, still less against the Vice-President; he simply stated that a corrupt offer had been made to him by an agent connected with the scheme, and that this agent had named certain public men as interested in it. It was with evident reluctance that, on the witness stand, he gave the name of Vice-President Sherman as one of these men, and he has since expressed his regret at the necessity he found himself under of doing so; and no man of sense will attach any weight to the dragging in of a prominent official's name by an attempting briber. But the case as a whole looks fully as grave as Senator Gore regarded it in the first place. One of the later phases is the testimony of the venerable chief of the Choctaws, who tells a circumstantial story of an attempt made to bribe him into acquiescence in the scheme by the attorney in charge of it.

Returns from the Kansas primary show that a political revolution has been accomplished in that State. The Republican insurgents have more than made good their promises. In addition to nominating their Governor with ease, they have named six out of eight Representatives in Congress, defeating the standpat members of the Kansas delegation whom Speaker Cannon made such heroic efforts to save. The entire result is an overwhelming popular endorsement of the Congressmen who, with Senator Bristow, spoke and voted against the Aldrich-Payne tariff. Kansas insurgents are now the regulars, and can point to their strong endorsement by the voters of the party as a sufficient warrant for all that they have done or intend to do. And the most gratifying aspect of the victory is the fact that the attack upon the tariff was made upon moral grounds. The fight was not about schedules or revenue-producing capacity or any charge that Kansas had been unduly discriminated against. What Bristow and the others went up and down the State denouncing was the use of the tariff-making power by Aldrich and his political followers and business allies as a means of unscrupulous self-enrichment.

Ex-Gov. Folk of Missouri seeks to recall the Democratic party to its historic mission. He deplores the tendency among Western Democrats to join hands with Republican insurgency to the detriment of their own political organization. Why such a movement should take place is not very hard to see. The Republican insurgents are now fighting against abuses that have been the subject of Democratic criticism for decades. The iniquities of the tariff, the alliance between corporate business and politics, the dominance of the interests at Washington have so intimately passed into the bone and sinew of Republican insurgency as to make the dividing line between Republican and Democrat in many Western States largely a vanishing line. But when it comes to a question of Republicans going over to the Democrats or Democrats going over to the Republicans, can there be doubt which way the drift will be? Democrats have themselves largely fallen into the belief that if any Democratic policy is to be enacted into law it must be done by the Republicans. Under such circumstances, are they to blame if now and then they hanker after the Republican fleshpots; for even Republican insurgents have fleshpots? Are they to be blamed for loitering in the tents of the insurgents, just to catch the rare taste of what success means? Yes, says Mr. Folk, they should be. And he warns the Democracy of the West that it must not follow its policies into the camp of the insurgents; that it must keep to its old rôle of watching and waiting and hoping.

The judiciary elections in Tennessee which resulted in the defeat of the regular Democratic ticket are a severe blow

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to the aspirations of Gov. Patterson. The contest, which was one of the bitterest ever waged in the State, resolved itself into a struggle in which the Governor was the real issue, as a candidate to succeed himself. Through his influence, it is charged, the Supreme Court justices who refused to render a decision favorable to the Coopers, the slayers of Senator Carmack, were denied a renomination. Later they were placed on an independent ticket which the Republicans supported, and received a large vote in all parts of the State. The result must be considered another demonstration of the emphatic way in which an American electorate will resent any interference with the independence of the judiciary. From another point of view, it was merely the first blow in the fight against Patterson, which will be settled at the November election. If, as now seems likely, independent Democrats and Republicans unite on a fusion ticket his defeat would appear to be reasonably certain.

All the details that have come out in regard to the outrages near Palestine, Texas, merely make the affair seem the more excuseless and terrible. There was not even an allegation of outrages by negroes; the whole trouble grew out of a dispute about a debt; and then a band of armed white men scoured the region shooting down inoffensive and unresisting blacks wherever they were found, in one instance three white-haired negro men and women being slaughtered as they were keeping watch by the corpse of a murdered member of their family. To the credit of the Texas authorities be it said that they took prompt measures to suppress the bloody outbreak, and to arrest all the guilty white brutes upon whom they could lay their hands. But the fearful thing is that such a massacre could even be conceived of; and that depraved men are cherishing race hatreds which make it possible. We evidently need, North as well as South, to be continually on our guard lest our civilization lapse into barbarism.

In the statement given out at Portsmouth on Saturday, by the railway attorneys, we have a noteworthy sign of the times. For a week sixty-five lawyers representing the railways had been discussing the new legislation affecting their property, and at the end of their deliberations they authorized a report of their conclusions which they frankly admit indicates "a change of attitude of the railroads and of counsel towards government regulation." In a word, the old uncompromising position has been abandoned. The law is not to be contested in any of its provisions, although the attorneys think that one or two of its clauses might be successfully attacked in the courts. Much less is any attempt to evade the law to be countenanced. The whole intention of the railway lawyers, as they explain it, is to work harmoniously with the Interstate Commerce Commission in arriving at a proper interpretation and reasonable application of the new statute, and to seek to obtain from the recently established Court of Commerce a series of consistent decisions that shall enable the railways to know just where they stand.

It is true that the counsel to the railway corporations are not satisfied with the new regulation act. Some things in it seem to them dubious, others actually perilous. They specify the long and short haul clause, the provision that rates reduced to meet water competition must not be restored when that competition ceases, and several other points. But with the certainty that the courts will protect the railways from anything like confiscation, there is every reason why they should in a cheerful and even confident spirit take up the task of obtaining working-understandings with the Commission. It would be over-sanguine to assume that all our railway troubles are now things of the past. The future will doubtless see fresh agitation and new clashes. But those we may face with greater serenity in view of the way in which existing difficulties are being surmounted.

The adjournment of Parliament leaves British politics and the British people in a more quiescent and contented state than they have known for some time. The tone of the day is decidedly cheerful. This is, in part, a natural reaction from the emotional crisis attendant upon the death of Edward VII and the inauguration of a new reign. But other reasons are plentiful. The bitterness of political strife has subsided. After the war over Mr. Lloyd-George's first budget, the adoption of this year's financial bill took place amidst a harmony of uttermost concord. The royal accession oath was modified in much the same spirit of sweet reasonableness. The crucial question of the Lords' veto has been put into the hands of a conciliation conference; and while it is by no means sure that its deliberations will result in a solution of the difficult problem, it is something to have entered on the ways of peace; and in any case the reassembling of Parliament is three months off.

But perhaps the most potent contribution to the average Englishman's peace of mind came only a few days before the adjournment of Parliament, in the form of Mr. Asquith's declaration concerning naval armaments. After a year and a half of semi-hysteria over Britain's imminent loss of the supremacy of the sea and the peril of invasion, the country has been authoritatively informed that the fear has been empty. On the one hand, the German authorities have been really telling the truth concerning their headway in naval construction, and British shipbuilding, on the other hand, has not fallen into the pitiful state of decrepitude which the fevered mind of the Dreadnought maniacs has been conjuring up. The leaders of the Opposition have been forced to acknowledge that no reasonable grounds for apprehension exist to-day, and now have very little left except vague suggestions as to the horrible things that may happen in the future. To the over-taxed British imagination, this relief from panic must be grateful, indeed. With peace at home, and peace abroad and in the colonies, and British trade soaring to new records of prosperity, the British M.P. and his constituent can go about their grouse-shooting and their daily business in exceptional ease of mind.

We are not to have a British Academy just yet, after all. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, a member of the recently announced "Academic Committee" of the Royal Society of Literature, writes to the London *Times* to deny that "a full-blown Academy" is in contemplation. He states that the committee intend merely to do "certain things which the Royal Society of Literature and the Society of Authors wanted done," but asserts that neither organization "had any intention

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of putting us up as 'immortal' cockshies." Indeed, Mr. Trevelyan objects to the entire principle of an Academy in "distinguishing between rival merit." This he thinks is bad for the free republic of letters, whereas fit persons may be chosen to discharge specified functions without exciting either jealousy or ill-will. All the more unfortunate, then, that the humble Academic Committee was made up of the ominous number forty, thus inviting direct comparison with the French Immortals, and also exposing its members to being made "cockshies" of—that is, targets for envious or malicious missiles.

Although the French military aeronauts have as yet blown up no imaginary battleships by dropping supposititious bombs down their hypothetical funnels, they are really doing more than we are to develop the aeroplane's possibilities in naval warfare. Neither Curtiss's nor Harmon's experiments in hand-grenade target-practice are convincing. If bombs are ever to be thrown from aeroplanes going forty miles an hour, they will be thrown by a marksman especially detailed for that purpose on board the aeroplane. It is absurd to suppose that Harmon or Curtiss, working his machine with hands, feet, wrists, and shoulders, is really taking aim when he drops his imaginary bomb from a basket slung about his neck. One man to navigate the airship and one man or more to do the fighting, is the way aerial warfare must go on. And along that way the French are advancing. In France they have given more attention than elsewhere to flights for two and three persons. Military aviators in couples are reported to be following up the great cross-country race now under way, as a matter of almost daily routine. Aerial-photography is being steadily perfected. And, as a matter of fact, it is the aviator's camera, rather than his high explosives, that will soonest come into play in actual war.

On top of the Ministerial changes in Germany came the resignation by Prince Hohenlohe of his office as Second Vice-President of the Reichstag. This was taken by the Liberals as a protest by this Conservative against the tendency of his party to make an alliance with the Clerical Centre. However that may have been, it is clear that a readjustment of the relations of the Government to the various parties is under consideration. A new Reichstag is to be elected next year, with the certainty of large gains by the Social Democrats, and the Chancellor is reported to be going over the situation to see where he can hope to assemble the elements of a parliamentary majority. The old Conservative-Liberal *bloc* upon which Von Bülow depended is now impossible, yet a *bloc* of some kind it is believed to be imperative that Bethmann-Hollweg, despite all his ambition to govern above and independently of parties, should somewhere find. For it seems probable that a *bloc* will be formed against him. In the Baden Landtag the Socialists are now in successful alliance with the Liberals in furthering an anti-clerical and anti-agrarian policy, and the suggestion is made that some such working agreement may yet be reached in the Reichstag itself. There it would undoubtedly be very difficult to form and maintain, yet the very fear of it has led to cries of alarm. Thus a Westphalian newspaper declares: "In face of the new political tasks which the economic future of the Empire will impose upon the Reichstag, it would be a crime to perpetuate the quarrel between the parties which strive for the preservation of the state." To meet a threatened combination against the Conservatives and the Clericals, it would have an "economic *bloc*" against the Social Democrats.

Part of the Russian case against Finland consists of the charge that the laws of the Grand-Duchy discriminate sharply against natives of Russia proper. In the eyes of the Finnish law, the native Russian is treated as a foreigner. This is the more intolerable because all over the empire native Finns are on absolute equality with Russians in respect to political and civic rights. Russians resident in Finland, the accusation runs, are not allowed to vote for members of the Diet, although Finnish residents in Russia vote for deputies to the Duma. It is estimated that fifty thousand Russians in Finland are thus deprived of their right to the franchise without being exempted from taxation. By indirect means Russians have been excluded from the Finnish civil service. Russian physicians in Finland may pursue private practice only; they are excluded from positions of any kind under the government. Up to 1891, Russians might acquire real estate in Finland on the same condition as foreigners; but this law holds now only against Jewish citizens of Russia. Such points in the case against Finland are properly made. But they can in no way be held to justify the policy of Russification which is now under way. Finnish discrimination against Russian citizens really emphasizes the strength of the Finnish case. If Russia proper were on a cultural level with Finland, if anything like the same standard of personal liberty and of enlightenment obtained everywhere in the Czar's dominions, Finland's attitude might have been characterized as selfish separatism. But in view of what the prevalent Russian culture and Russian government ideals are, can the Finnish people be blamed for guarding with extreme jealousy those rights which are all the more precious because they are so rare under the Romanoffs?

The country over whose destinies Señor Pedro Montt will preside till September, 1911—the reëlection of a President being forbidden by the Constitution—stands among the three progressive South American republics. With Argentina and Brazil, Chili helps to save the day for Latin-American efficiency, enlightenment, and self-restraint, as against the wretched record of their fellow-republics on or near the Caribbean. Chili has about one-half of Argentina's population, one-fifth of Brazil's, and ranks after Peru and Colombia. But her commerce is four times that of Peru, nearly ten times that of Colombia, and but little less than half that of Brazil. Argentina alone surpasses Chili in her per capita commerce, but save for her nitrate fields—which, by the way, were once Peru's—Chili cannot compare in natural resources with the Argentine Republic. What is most characteristic of Chili is that her achievements, more than those of any of her neighbors, are native to the soil of South America. Immigration into Brazil and Argentina has been on a great scale, and the resultant impetus can scarcely be overestimated. Immigration into Chili is almost negligible; and while foreign capital plays its part there as elsewhere in South America, the Chilian may nevertheless boast that his civilization is autochthonous to a degree unapproached by his neighbors.

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THE REPUBLICAN "CIVIL WAR."

The phrase is Senator Cummins's. In his address at the Iowa Republican Convention last week, he spoke of the "clouds of civil war" that now hang over his party. He instantly gave evidence of his readiness to wage this civil war in uncivil fashion, for in calling the roll of Republican Presidents and leaders, including the names of Garfield, Blaine, and McKinley, he deliberately omitted that of Taft. His motive for inserting Blaine was possibly to dispel any calumny to the effect that he and his followers were fastidious reformers. But the reflection on President Taft was as obvious as it was unprecedented. Even the unpopular Hayes used to get perfunctory endorsements from Republican conventions. Not till this year of grace, prosperity, and rancor has it been possible for Republicans in convention assembled to plan an insult to their President, and to refer to him in their platform in a way almost to heighten the offence. Senator Cummins was not so far wrong in speaking of a state of civil war within the party.

Both the Iowa Senators are plainly bitter in their antagonism to President Taft. Some will maliciously account for this by pointing to that plank of the Iowa platform which asserts that the Republicans of that State are "the best judges of the Republicanism of their Senators," and will resent "any attempt to exclude them from the honors and privileges which properly attach to membership in the Republican party." It will be said that "honors and privileges" can mean only a welcome at the White House and a full share of the patronage. But even if this is true, it does not mend broken bones. The situation in the party remains ugly and threatening, no matter what brought it about. When the two Senators from Iowa open war on the Administration, with the majority of the party in their State behind them repelling all overtures for compromise and harmony, it cannot be denied that it is a pretty serious thing for both the Administration and the party.

In Iowa, as in Kansas, it is mainly the tariff that is splitting the party. Yet if one looked merely at the Iowa platform, he might find it hard to say why. The Iowa Republicans renew their solemn professions of faith in the doctrine of protection. They have no patience with any party that questions the "principle." But the application—there's the rub, as it always has been. What the Iowa platform protests against is the fact that, in framing the Aldrich-Payne bill, no attempt was made to live up to the promise of the National Convention to revise the tariff on the basis of the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. This might seem the choice of a pretty narrow field on which to fight. To determine scientifically the cost of production anywhere is highly difficult. We doubt if either Cummins or Dolliver would undertake the task. Yet they are really shrewd in putting the case as they do, since the promise was undoubtedly made by the Chicago platform and was as undoubtedly broken by Aldrich and the Republican organization in Congress. Moreover, it is morally certain, even without an accurate demonstration of the facts, that the great run of protective duties is far in excess of any possible difference in labor-cost, here and in foreign countries. So that, in this matter, the Iowa Republicans are on strong strategic ground. For what they say on this point, they cannot be successfully attacked; and at the same time all the vague dissatisfaction with the tariff, and the latent discontent with the way in which things have been going at Washington, will yield supporters for their cause, and render it still more formidable and divisive.

In any aspect of the matter, the course of Kansas and Iowa Republicans, now with a proved majority in either State, cannot fail to be most disturbing to the party managers. The fact that they may be able to allege personal and even small motives on the part of the Iowa Senators will not meet the difficulty. It will be generally admitted, we think, that some parts of the Iowa platform have a petty air. For example, it praises the Senators for their efforts in behalf of postal-savings banks, yet withholds all recognition of President Taft, without whose personal and long-continued efforts it is absolutely certain that Dolliver and Cummins would never have had a chance to vote for a postal-savings bill. Yet all this is only incidental. The chief political fact is that an unparalleled break in the Republican party has occurred in two "rock-ribbed" States of the Middle West; that independent and bold criticism of the party management has found free expression in the party primaries and conventions; and that what began as insurgency has now attained the status of revolution.

To deal with this party civil war will tax the patience and the wisdom of President Taft and his advisers. The angry personal differences which have grown up it will probably be impossible to compose, for a long time to come. The political difficulty is also confessedly great, having already destroyed, in the minds of most Republicans, what little hope there was that they might be successful in the November elections. Anything like real harmony and effective united action it now appears impossible to bring about within three months. Yet for the tariff question President Taft has one resource in his hands which may be made later a powerful instrument. If Professor Emery at the head of the tariff board is able soon to place in the President's hands a conclusive demonstration that certain schedules of the tariff are far too high and grossly inequitable, Congress can be urged to reduce them in detail, in accordance with the demand of the Iowa platform, and the Iowa Republicans will be bound to applaud and assist. If, however, the demonstration showed, as it easily might, that the duties on Iowa wool are outrageously high, we imagine that Cummins and Dolliver would be fully as disturbed as President Taft can be now.

SPAIN AND THE VATICAN.

Each day's news makes clearer the real issue between the Spanish Government and the Vatican. When we see an influential newspaper like *El Imparcial* of Madrid, professing itself devoutly Catholic, yet offering the heartiest support to the Prime Minister whom it had before opposed, we begin to understand how strong a national sentiment has been aroused. Spain wishes to be mistress in her own house. It is not an attack upon the Church which is intended, but a vindication of the right of Spaniards to control the religious orders. A sharp distinction is made in Spain between the Church and clericalism, between the secular clergy and the regular. This is nothing new. So long ago as the agitation over the supposedly anti-clerical play by Galdós, "Electra," the author raised the cry, "Do not touch the secular clergy." Even among the monastic orders he was willing to make

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distinctions, being ready to tolerate or actually uphold the Augustinians and Carmelites. He contended that only the disquieting and extra-legal growth of monasticism in Spain should be checked.

All political parties and all Ministries in Spain have avowedly been working to that end for some years. The original impulse may have come from France and her law of Separation. Ideas easily leap over even protected international boundaries. The movement against the religious orders, which swept everything before it in France, is also visibly astir in Italy and is at the bottom of the rupture between Spain and the Vatican. It strikes at two things—the teaching functions of the orders and their anomalous economic position, not subject to taxation yet actively competing in certain ways with national industries. The complaint about this is no novelty. About the time of the close of the war between Spain and the United States a Madrid comic paper represented the typical patriotic Spaniard as saying: "If we could only get rid of our monks as easily as of our colonies!"

In the closing chapter of Havelock Ellis's striking book on Spain, published in 1908, were grouped a great many expressions by leaders of Spanish thought regarding the policy which their country ought to pursue in the process of recuperation and upbuilding. Among them it is surprising to find so large a number avowing hostility to the religious communities. What these professors and moralists and publicists have been saying, the Government is now endeavoring to translate into action. It is felt that there are too many ecclesiastics in Spain, who are too unproductive. Sentiment is, of course, divided. To quote Havelock Ellis:

> In one direction there is clearly, among both men and women, a large amount of faith, of religious observance, even of passionate devotion, and sometimes also of intolerant bigotry, the whole supported by a mass of superb tradition, of magnificent architecture and ritual, of ecclesiastical organization and wealth, to-day unsurpassed in any country. But in another direction we have the subtly penetrating influence of Liberalism and Republicanism and Anarchism, of the revolt against the ancient and inert forces which are believed to be impeding the advance of Spain.

It is evident that the way in which the latter tendencies are now declaring themselves is in advocating the limiting and regulation of the religious orders, and in resisting the extreme claims of clericalism in the national life.

The position of the Catholic Church in Spain is guaranteed by the Spanish Constitution. Article xi reads: "The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion is that of the state. The nation obliges itself to maintain its worship and its ministers." That was the historic thing, but the innovation follows: "No person shall be molested in the territory of Spain for his religious opinions, nor for the exercise of his particular worship." It was added, however: "Nevertheless, no other ceremonies in public will be permitted than those of the religion of the state." It is over the interpretation of this last clause that the Vatican broke with Spain. By royal decree, permission was granted to the handful of Protestant congregations in Madrid and elsewhere, as also to the Jewish synagogues, to place on the buildings where they met for worship some indication that religious services were held within. Before the practice had been to banish all such insignia, and to have no public entrance to the buildings, admission being usually by a side-door. Yet there has been no denial that Protestant worship has been "public." When a service commemorative of the Emperors William and Frederick was held in the Lutheran Chapel at Madrid, representatives of the army and the Government and even of the royal family were present. There was nothing furtive about this! And since it is known to everybody that Protestant meetings and schools exist, it does not seem so fearful a thing to permit an announcement that they exist. Yet on this single point, where its right under the Constitution is by no means clear, the Vatican has chosen to send an ultimatum to the Spanish Government. In so doing it certainly appears to have been very badly advised.

From the thickening troubles in lands like Spain and Portugal and France, where it has been established by law, the Catholic Church must look with great relief to the United States. Here it has no special privileges and must be self-supporting, yet it has had a wonderful growth and success. The Vatican has shown itself in times past capable of adjusting its policy to circumstances. Leo XIII advised the Catholics of France to "rally" to the republic. The present Pontiff has shown himself more inflexible—though this may be a tribute to the simplicity and sincerity with which he has carried the ideas of a parish priest to his great office. But he and his counsellors must perceive in time that they need to yield something, even in Spain, to the spirit of the time and the mounting sense of national independence and dignity.

CRIME AND THE LAW.

A judge of the General Sessions of New York, Judge Foster—if correctly quoted in a newspaper interview—is not content with the common humanitarian theory of "the uplift of the individual" as a "primary object" of criminal punishment, but states his view of the working of the law as follows:

> Imprisonment never was and never can be a deterrent to others. For one reason, others do not know the fate of a given convict, except in such conspicuous cases as that of Albert Wolter. And even if they did, no person about to commit a crime ever thinks he is going to be caught, and the possible penalty has no effect upon him.

Very possibly the judge did not say, or did not mean, precisely what these words convey. Nevertheless, the state of mind they indicate is not very different from that actually entertained by a considerable number of persons, some of whom, doubtless, are on the bench; and it is a state of mind that is unwarranted both in fact and in logic, and that is highly detrimental to the interests of society.

One of the sources of the error into which the proponents of this sort of view have fallen is indicated, in a peculiarly gross way, to be sure, in these remarks of Judge Foster's. There is, among those who allege the inefficiency of punishment as a deterrent, a singular lack of imagination—a failure to realize what the system of penal control means in the aggregate. Sometimes they appeal to the statistics of a few months, or a few years, to demonstrate that this or that change in criminal procedure has had no appreciable effect in increasing or diminishing crime, and they infer thence that it would make little or no difference if the whole idea of punishment as a deterrent were abandoned. The logical error of such a view is too obvious to require comment. Whatever may be true of any one particular case, in the long run an impression is produced, and is spread throughout the communinty, which corresponds roughly

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with the truth. If swift and adequate punishment is the usual result of wrong-doing, the association of the crime with its punishment becomes an instinctive habit, and, unless the ordinary laws of human nature do not apply in this domain, must inevitably exercise a powerful influence upon conduct.

There is no incompatibility between the idea of reformation and the idea of punishment as purposes of the criminal law. Whatever can be done in the way of reformation and rehabilitation by wise and humane measures, by all means should be done, in and out of prison. The objection to the views of humanitarian extremists is not that they think too much of reformation, but that they think too little of deterrence. Many of them, without expressing themselves with the crude positiveness of the words ascribed to Judge Foster, tacitly assume that reformation is the sole object that can rationally be aimed at in a criminal code. Nothing is more familiar in the literature of their agitation than their analogy of a prison sentence with a hospital. What would be thought, they say, of sending a man to a hospital for six weeks, regardless of whether it would take six days or six months to cure him? The merits of the indeterminate sentence as a practical measure, and probably in a very wide range of cases, are doubtless great; but the analogy is nevertheless radically false. We do not send a man to a hospital as a lesson for others not to get sick; we do send a man to prison as a lesson for other people not to steal, or rob, or forge, or kill. We cannot tell how many people are kept out of prison for every man that is sent into it. We do know that among the millions of men, of all sorts and conditions, around us, there are many thousands who have strong passions, or morbid desires, or defective consciences; many thousands who are subjected to dire temptation or surrounded by terribly trying circumstances. Who shall say what passions now held in leash, what weaknesses now guarded against, what crimes now shrunk from, would have their way but for the tremendous tradition of law—of that law which says that crime shall be punished—which is a fundamental part of the moral equipment of every human being in a civilized community?

THE NEW COLLEGE IN THE WEST.

The plans and purposes of Reed College, the institution to be opened a year hence at Portland, Ore., are of a character to attract considerable attention. And there are at least two points of great interest in the recent interview with the president of the college that is to be.

The first is that the productive endowment of $3,000,000 is to be used exclusively for college work—university work will not be attempted at all. There is a wayside inn near the White Mountains, of which the cards read thus: "What, second-class? Sure! The only second-class hotel in New Hampshire." A college without a university attachment is as rare as a second-class hotel; but President Foster wishes it understood that Reed College is going to be just this, for some time to come at least. The adoption of such a programme means something more than the mere devotion of the whole income of the college to the work of college teaching. It means the elimination of some elements of difficulty that come entirely from the merging of college purposes with university ambitions. That certain great advantages come to college students from the presence of the university work alongside that of the college is undeniable; but that much confusion of purposes has also come from the combination is equally certain. Especially are the excesses of the free elective plan, against which so strong a reaction has now set in, largely to be traced to this source. The working out of a college system in a new environment, with the distinction between college and university emphatically in mind from the beginning, should prove highly interesting and instructive to the whole country.

The second point to which we have reference is closely allied to the first. "The sort of men I am looking for," said President Foster, "must be men, first of all. Second, they must be teachers. Their proficiency as research scholars will rank third in importance with me. In some of our universities, the order of these qualifications appears to have been reversed—to the detriment of the students, I believe." The fact is, of course, that the relative importance of these qualities in college teachers is altogether different from what it is in university teachers. Helmholtz was—with occasional exceptions—a very poor lecturer, but his students got from him what they could not have got from the most perfect teacher in the world; and the same is true of many of the greatest investigators. Sometimes the power of the perfect teacher and the genius of the great investigator are combined in one man, and that, of course, is the best thing possible, whether in college or in university; but in the university, where men are training to be specialists and investigators themselves, the example of the great leader is of far more importance than the instruction of the perfect teacher. In the college it is different, and President Foster's position is well taken. Still, even in the college, there is danger of going too far—or perhaps rather of going in the wrong direction—in the search for teaching quality. To make teaching truly effective in the higher departments of thought, a kind of enthusiasm and insight is requisite that the *mere* teacher can hardly possess—an enthusiasm and insight that come only with hard work in one's chosen intellectual domain. But, on the other hand, it is a cruel waste and injustice to put ardent young men, ready to respond to the appeal of a genuine teacher, under the instruction of the ordinary specialist, without sympathetic quality, without the power of expression, without the vital impulse of the true teacher; and this is what happens in hundreds of cases in our colleges. The new college will do a great service if it sets up a true standard in this extremely important matter.

With a clean sheet before him, the president of the new college on the Pacific might, we would suggest, profitably consider a question which bears on the character of his own functions and which is also intimately connected with that matter of the personal qualities of the professors on which he has laid so much stress. The autocratic college and university president is a peculiar product of America, especially curious as contrasting with the democratic ideals of our political system. But it is not on the basis of an abstract doctrine of democracy that criticism of this one-man-power system rests. The position of a college professor, and even of the younger college teachers, should be a position of dignity, independence, and the fullest measure of self-respect. In most of our colleges we have fallen into the

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habit of elevating coördination, discipline, "harmony" in the faculty, to a position of utterly factitious importance. Not these things are wanted—or at least a very little of them is quite sufficient—but dignity, spontaneity, intellectual independence. In no way could President Foster more magnify his office than by belittling it. A college faculty does not need a boss; its efficiency is neither to be attained nor to be measured by the methods that apply to a factory or a department store. If the college needs in its professors real men and true teachers, it must not treat them as wheels in a big machine. There is already a vast difference in this regard between some of our colleges and others; but there is a fine opening for a new institution to show what a college can be wherein the personal domination by the president is abandoned, and in its stead we have a company of gentlemen and scholars working together, with the president simply as the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation.

POLITICAL CARTOONS.

The death of Edward Linley Sambourne will bring about no striking change in *Punch's* leading weekly cartoon. Because of Sambourne's illness, Bernard Partridge has for some time been doing the pictorial "leaders" for *Punch*, and in his work he has continued the tradition of Sambourne, which the latter ten years ago took over from Tenniel. What this traditional type is in detail we may leave for the technicians to discuss. The average reader in this country will be content to distinguish the *Punch* cartoon as being at the same time much more direct, much more massive, and much more serious than our own native product. Where we sketch and scrawl, the British cartoonist paints. He puts in foreground and background, blocks out his figures, attends to his lights and shades, and, having left no chance for any one to miss the point, repeats it in good-sized print at the bottom of his picture. This justificatory legend at the bottom—we find it in Carruthers Gould as we find it in Partridge, Raven-Hill, and their colleagues—is as characteristic of the English political cartoon as the explanatory legend at the top of the page is characteristic of the English bit of light verse. And it is not the laconic word or two to which our own newspaper artists are wont to resort. It will often be a solid sentence or paragraph couched in the solid style of the British parliamentary reporter. Mr. Owen Seaman is as likely as not to preface one of his delightful bits of satirical rhyme with some such statement as this:

> The Duchess of Abercrombie, speaking on Wednesday last before the Central Council of the woman's Tariff Reform Auxiliary League and animadverting on a statement made in the House of Commons by the Hon. W. Ponsonby Hawkes, to the effect that the female imagination, when applied to matters of finance, is frequently apt to go astray, remarked that woman's capacity for dealing with intricate problems of domestic economy entitles her to serious consideration in the broader field of public administration.

This has all the gravity of an official communication; and even in its lighter moments the British mind seems unable to forget that, as the author of "Pinafore" pointed out long ago, official communications are always unanswerable.

The point need not be pressed too far. One can readily think of cartoons in *Punch* that are exceptions to the rule. No detailed legend accompanies the picture of Britannia mourning over the bier of Lincoln. Text and drawing fit absolutely in the famous "Dropping the Pilot." But these are moments of exceptional solemnity when words would be clamorously out of place. And it is on such occasions of high solemnity that the massive style of draughtsmanship shows itself at its best. But in the ordinary run of political comment, our main characterization will hold. There is little of that light-hearted abandon and stenographic style with which we on this side of the ocean picture the passing of Presidents and the triumph or defeat of large issues and the pressure of serious economic problems. The average Englishman would refuse to put up with the hilarious illumination which our comic artists to-day are shedding upon the question of the increased cost of living. He would resent our newspaper artists' merry war with the Trusts.

Not that the Englishman is incapable of whim or extravagant humor. He has shown it in his cartoons on Woman's Suffrage, which he chooses to take in light fashion. We should find it hard to surpass the rollicking fun of *Punch's* cartoon in which anti-suffrage Cabinet ministers out for an after-dinner stroll are waylaid by militant women who pop up from coal-holes and out of the disguise of sandwich-men and organ-grinders. There is fun in the Ladies' Pageant, where poor Mr. Asquith is represented as desperately dodging the lances of suffragist and anti-suffragist charging each other in modified knightly array. There is a great deal of fun in the picture of the woman suffragist who knows jiu-jitsu and throws one London "bobby" after the other over tall iron fences. But the English cartoonist rarely applies this method to Mr. Asquith in Parliament, or Mr. Balfour on Tariff Reform. Here, apparently, crops out the oft-asserted national feeling that politics and government are serious things which must even be made fun of seriously.

The English artist's simplicity of utterance, as compared with our own, may be either the cause or the result of the much scantier supply of traditional types he can draw upon. Virtually he has two types only, John Bull and Britannia; and of these, Britannia is reserved for only the most solemn occasions. It is John Bull who asks Mr. Asquith how about the German fleet, and John Bull who asks Mr. Balfour how about the duty on corn, and John Bull who quizzes Mr. Haldane on what progress he is making with the reorganization of the Territorials. A stout gentleman named John Bull facing a thin gentleman named Lord Lansdowne reduces a cartoon to very simple terms. And sometimes, when John Bull stands face to face with a gentleman like Mr. Haldane who is himself stout and aquiline-nosed, the absence of variety becomes almost oppressive. Compare with this meagre equipment of the British artist our own rich stock of anthropological, zoölogical, mythological, and technological cartoonist's types. In Uncle Sam alone, we have the full equivalent of John Bull. But in addition, we have the separate sectional types—the Yankee farmer with cowhide boots and tufted chin, and the Southern Colonel and the broad-brimmed Westerner. We have the Elephant and the Donkey and Miss Democracy and the Boss and the Trust and the Ship of State and the Locomotive of Progress and the Full Dinner Pail and the Plain Citizen and the Rough Rider and the Big Stick. And as if that were not enough, we stand ready to seize upon the event and the type of the moment—the aeroplane, wireless, Dr. Cook, Mr. Jeffries. Is it any wonder that our artists can produce com-

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binations and effects quite beyond the reach of the English cartoonist?

The question of relative merit does not enter here. If we take up the essential nature and purpose of the cartoon, it may very well be that our superior agility, our great readiness in the whimsical and the allusive, fade before the straightforward give and take of the English cartoon. Directness of address is the prime quality where the object is to appeal to multitudes and at once. Our own best cartoons have been simple. Thomas Nast did not hunt after cleverness. Mr. Davenport's widely-disseminated "He is Good Enough for Me" is extremely simple. Mr. Opper's family of Trust giants leaves little to the imagination. Yet these are the exceptions on our side of the water, even as Mr. Bernard Partridge in his lighter moods supplies the exception the other.

THE CENTENARY OF CAVOUR.

I.

The nineteenth century produced three statesmen of the first rank. One of these, Lincoln, saved a nation; the other two, Cavour and Bismarck, created nations. In many respects, the hardest task fell to Cavour, who combined in a rare degree the patience, magnanimity, and personal charm of Lincoln with the dynamic masterfulness of Bismarck. He possessed besides a suppleness all his own.

Count Camillo Benso di Cavour was born at Turin, August 10, 1810, when the great Napoleon, at the height of his power, ruled Italy; he died June 6, 1861, when Lincoln had been for three months President of the United States. The intervening fifty years witnessed more changes, not merely in the surface of life, but in men's ideals, than any previous half-century. Camillo was named for Prince Borghese, Pauline Bonaparte's husband, who stood as godfather to him. His father's family, the Bensi, had been conspicuous since the days of the Crusades: his mother, a De Sellon, of Geneva, grew up a Protestant and became a Catholic only on marrying Marquis Cavour. So far as heredity counted, Camillo, through his father, was a Piedmontese to the core: but through his mother, he had contacts not only with a different people, but also with a different religion. But heredity and environment do not work automatically; Camillo's elder brother, Gustavo, had the same parents and the same associations; but Gustavo grew up a Conservative with Clerical sympathies, while Camillo Cavour was one of the world's indefectible Liberals, and a model of religious toleration.

Educated at the Military Academy at Turin, with only a second son's expectations, he won repute as a youthful prodigy in mathematics, and at sixteen he received his commission as sub-lieutenant of Engineers. Subjected at home and among his associates to the prevailing doctrines of the Old Régime, how did he come by his faith in liberty? It requires more than heredity or environment to explain that. Although the reactionary Piedmontese government shut out modern political ideas, under pain of death, and a most bigoted priesthood added religious to political blight, Cavour seemed to draw in from every wind that blew his life-giving principles. That is the way of genius.

Love of justice and passion for liberty were born in him. His visits to Geneva, which was then one of the intellectual centres of Europe, helped to form him. There he met men of international reputation, from whom he had tidings of the social and political theories that the next generation would attempt to apply. Before he was twenty-two, however, his career in the Engineers was cut short. Having expressed too much sympathy for the Revolution of July, he was rusticated to the Fortress of Bard; and then, as soon as he decently could, he resigned from the service. At Turin in those days, a young noble had no prospects outside of the army and the court; and Cavour, as a second son, could expect no fortune; but he was too proud and too energetic to waste his life in such idleness as his small allowance might have secured for him. His family, though affectionate always, regarded him as a black sheep; the King and reactionary court looked distrustfully at the young rebel. To escape from this tedium, he offered to go down into the country and manage a farm. No doubt everybody at Turin breathed a sigh of relief when he was buried, for good, as they thought, at Grinzano. In that sleepy old village he seemed as safely beyond the current of historic achievements as Abraham Lincoln seemed then in his frontier town in Illinois. But Cavour, to the surprise of the family, made the farm pay; and in due season, he was promoted to the care of very large estates of Leri. Thenceforward, he was his own master, rich, as riches were counted in Piedmont. Three things, besides material wealth, came to him through his years of virtual exile: an exhaustive knowledge of the agricultural and industrial conditions of his country; training in handling men—not merely the bailiffs and farm-hands, but the merchants and bankers with whom he had transactions; and self-reliance. The experience which would have crushed or embittered many ambitious youths became, thanks to his indomitable will, the fountain of his strength.

II.

He went on several journeys to France and England, where he studied the practical working of government, and especially the new applications of machinery to industry and transportation. He made the acquaintance at Paris of statesmen, writers, financiers, and men of the world. He read profoundly in the literature of sociology and of economics. He wrote essays on these topics, which Swiss and French reviews printed. He discussed the English Poor Laws, Irish Home Rule, and Free Trade, and he marked out a railway system for the Italian Peninsula which should serve both commercial and patriotic ends. As all that the lion eats turns to lion, so all of Cavour's tentative activities during the years of his apprenticeship had a Liberal aim. He promoted primary schools and savings banks, agricultural clubs and whist clubs—and the Government suspected that even the whist club which Cavour frequented concealed a purpose to talk politics.

But Cavour was no conspirator. He abhorred conspiracy, not because it might be bloody, but because it was proved ineffectual. The abortive revolutions of 1820 and 1821, the abortive uprisings of 1830, the abortive Mazzinian attempts of 1834 and 1843, convinced him that Italy could not be redeemed by plots. Once convinced that a tool was worthless, he wasted no time over it; on the contrary, he regarded as criminal those enthusiasts who went on using it. He was the earliest of the statesmen of the first rank to give due weight to evolution; to understand that only training in constitutional methods, for instance, can prove their worth; to insist that Utopia itself could not profit a people that plunged into it without preparation.

Italy then was truly, as Metternich sneeringly described it, a mere "geographical expression," broken up into half a score of petty states. Immemorial traditions, not less than local jealousies and dynastic rivalry, kept her asunder. She required Liberty, Independence, and Unity. The tradition of individualism warred against her Unity; the Papacy, which for a thousand years had depended on foreign support, warred against both her Unity and Independence. The inheritance from feudalism and the Renaissance, shared in common with most of Europe, warred against her Liberty. Over all, loomed the tyranny of Austria. Her revolution of 1848, waged at first by her princes in behalf of constitutional liberty, independence, and a federal unity, failed. Charles Albert, the most earnest and loyal of the princes who fought in that year, declared that Italy needed no foreign assistance. His motto, *L'Italia farà da sè*—"Italy will work out her own salvation"—did great harm; but he was not responsible for the backsliding of the other princes, including the Pope, which led to the collapse of the national move-

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ment, and to the Restoration of 1849, in which every Italian ruler except Victor Emanuel, Charles Albert's successor, became the willing vassal of Austria.

III.

Cavour came into public notice shortly before the outbreak of 1848, by founding the *Risorgimento*, the first modern newspaper in Piedmont. Thenceforward he urged on the war against Austria, which, if victorious, would have secured independence to the Peninsula. Liberty, in the form of a parliamentary government, was promised in each state, and if independence could be maintained, the promise would have to be fulfilled. Then the final problem—unity—could be solved by the Italians themselves, without interference from outside. But the calamity of 1849 left the whole Sisyphean task to be undertaken anew: and in some respects it seemed harder, because, besides the permanent opposition of Austria and Reaction, there were dissensions among the Italians, the paralyzing sense of failure, and a belief that the princes had deliberately betrayed the cause. The Pope, too, had formally declared liberty to be incompatible with his Papal authority.

In 1850 Cavour was appointed Minister of Agriculture. "Take care," said Victor Emanuel, "this little fellow will turn you all out." The King's prophecy came true within two years, when Massimo d'Azeglio stepped down from the Premiership and Cavour took his place. From that time till his death, he so far outweighed the other statesmen of Italy—and there were men of ability among them—that he seemed to be a constitutional dictator; "seemed" only, because he had to fight for every inch of progress, and he scorned to resort to dictatorial compulsion. His devotion to constitutionalism was so strong that he insisted on a full discussion in Parliament of each measure he brought forward. Unlike Bismarck, he never "jammed through" his bills, nor by a threat of resigning induced his sovereign to coerce the representatives of the nation.

Briefly, he aimed at making Piedmont a model of self-government—to prove thereby that the Italians were capable of using their liberty. He introduced railways and telegraphs, he promoted agriculture and industries, and by adopting free trade principles—at least to the point of reciprocity—he extended Piedmontese commerce. That, on the material side. On the moral and intellectual, he labored for national education, for the disestablishment of ecclesiastical courts, and of palsying clerical intrusion and privileges; and he upheld freedom of speech. Politically, by coalescing with the Left Centre, he created an invincible party, which believed in progress and national emancipation. Within five years, little Piedmont stood before Europe as the champion of Italy.

But this was not enough. Cavour saw that Italy could never expel Austria without foreign aid. He saw also that that aid must come from either France or England. To secure their friendship and gratitude, he joined them in the Crimean War. That gave him the opportunity, at the Congress of Paris, of solemnly warning Europe that she could expect no lasting peace until the Italians were freed from Austrian, Bourbon, and Papal misrule. From that time forward he hypnotized Napoleon III and compelled that visionary despot to devote the army and treasure of France in behalf of Italian liberty. After the Peace of Villafranca, which, like a bolt from the blue, upset Cavour's calculations, he turned to England, and with consummate skill played England off against France. Thanks to this strategy, he prevented the French Emperor from intercepting Garibaldi's wonderful campaign in the Two Sicilies, and Victor Emanuel's march on Naples. When he died prematurely on June 6, 1861, all Italy, with the exception of Venetia and the shrunken Papal refuge, was free, independent, and united.

The little Piedmont of 1850, crushed by war, almost bankrupt, troubled by doubts, clouded by differing counsels, was transformed in 1861 into the Kingdom of Italy. The magnet of four millions had drawn to itself eighteen millions. If little Portugal in our time should liberate Spain from a powerful oppressor, and should make Spain Portugal, we should have a parallel to the redemption of Italy under Cavour's leadership.

IV.

Many men and many factors went to that result. Mazzini the prophet, Garibaldi the paladin, Victor Emanuel the loyal standard-bearer, exiles and martyrs unnumbered, publicists, poets, soldiers, volunteers—all wrought for the desired consummation. But without Cavour, the end could not have been attained when it was; without him, it might never have been attained in durable form. For he represented Reason. Was it not Oxenstiern who bade his son observe by how little sense the world was governed? If governments are becoming more and more the field of the expert, then Reason will be more and more the attribute of successful governments, and this aspect of Cavour's achievement will command increasing admiration.

The most masterful of Opportunists, he possessed certain fundamental principles from which he never departed: therein lay his strength. He would go round an obstacle if he could not dislodge it; he would wait; he would concede in non-essentials: but he never compromised where, as he said, honor was at stake. By honor, he meant allegiance to those principles which were the breath of his life. At twenty-two, he wrote that he even dared to dream of waking up some morning as the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Italy. Nothing that he did in the intervening years contradicted that dream.

So his life-work is remarkably homogeneous: one step leads to the next, and all move toward the goal. We do not feel with him as we feel with Gladstone, and other eminent statesmen of the second class, that his later career was a refutation or denial of his earlier. And yet, few nation-builders have been more persistently misrepresented than Cavour was. On his entrance to public life, his opponents insinuated that he was a reactionary in disguise. Caricaturists drew him with the queue which symbolized the *codini*. Enemies inflamed the mob against him by declaring that he was cornering the grain market, and the mob attacked his house and hoped to lynch him. Mazzinians painted him as the abject tool of Napoleon III, when, in fact, the Emperor was a marionette in his hands. If he had heeded Mazzini and not persuaded the French to embark on the war of 1859, Italy could not have been united; and yet to-day Radicals repeat the old calumnies that Cavour loathed the idea of unity, and strove only to aggrandize Piedmont. His almost life-long ordeal of unpopularity and libel—we must go back to the vilification poured out on Washington and on Lincoln for parallels—simply fortified his resolution. He never considered how any act that he deemed necessary would affect his popularity. Cavour insisted on monarchy as the cornerstone of Italian unity, because the Italians were not then ready for a republic—nor are they now. Every advance won by his policy brought unity nearer: yet his enemies declared that he opposed it! Fanatics in Germany have laid a similar charge against Bismarck; and there was a time when Abolitionists denounced Lincoln for not proclaiming that his first purpose was to free the slaves.

Of Cavour's master-strokes in statesmanship, his Crimean Expedition has long been regarded as unequalled. But his decision to invade Umbria and the Marches in 1860 involved an immensely greater risk. So his winning Napoleon III over at Plombières; his forcing the war with Austria, in spite of the hostility of all Europe; his foresight in assuring the liberation of the Duchies and Emilia, even after he himself had resigned; and his collusion in the Garibaldian expedition—these, not to mention earlier achievements, stamp him as a master. He had audacity, suppleness, tact, and swiftness: and he never gave up. If his Matterhorns were impregnable on the south, he scaled them on the north.

Outside of Italy—in France, in England, in Germany, and in America—the wisest judges have long assigned to

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Cavour a place among the highest. Not only did he accomplish great things with small means; but he worked in concerns which must always touch civilized men. He established freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny, which always corrupts both Church and State; he believed that mankind are capable of indefinite improvement, and that it is the business of government to secure this to them; he trusted liberty. His guide was Reason—Reason sensitive to the deepest emotions, Reason inspired by the noblest ideals. Civilization pendulates between hope and despair. On the back-swing, there is a scramble to Conservatism; old creeds are revamped; the Jesuit, ecclesiastical or political, walks abroad unchallenged. But Cavour was the child of one of humanity's great moments of hope; himself the embodiment of that disciplined and indestructible optimism which ever and anon knocks at the heart of the race and bids it up and forward. Such a man works not for his own people only, nor for a single epoch, but is a precious possession of mankind forever.

VI.

I cannot close this brief survey of Cavour's intricate and amazing career without referring directly to the man himself. Small in stature, with large head, blond hair, spectacled blue eyes—half closed on account of near-sightedness—rosy cheeks, and smiling lips, he looked at first glance the good-natured country banker, rather than the consummate statesman. He was the easiest of men to approach: equally at home with monarchs, and with the peasants on his rice plantations. Everybody testifies to his charm. That somewhat rigid soldier, La Marmora, writes at a time when he had personally broken with the Prime Minister: "Cavour is the most *seductive* man in the world." Madame de Circourt, to whose salon at Paris the élite of Europe flocked, told Nigra that even when Cavour first called, an unknown young man from remote Piedmont, she recognized in him the "most magnanimous soul" she had ever met. Magnanimous, he truly was. He allowed no personal dislike to prevent him from seeking the coöperation of any one who could help Italy. He thought so little of personal considerations, indeed, that his enemies could not credit his disinterestedness. He lived up to his maxim that in politics, nothing is so futile as rancor. His buoyant nature made men forget the burden that he carried. His gift of playful irony—like Lincoln's humor—brightened even the most tragic crises and enabled him to relieve the tension of many a gathering storm in the Chamber. He turned aside much rhetoric with a genial laugh.

It is a commonplace to say that he was Machiavellian. Statecraft in his time was not always candid; it is not candid in our time; neither is war, nor business, nor society; and even in daily intercourse with our intimates, we are not always candid. Life might become intolerable, if we were. I say this not to palliate deceit, but as a reminder that we must not Pharisaically misjudge statesmen. We must learn how the methods they employed compared with the standards of their time. What surprises me more and more, after many years' acquaintance with Cavour's writings and speeches, is their downrightness, their frankness. This and their lucidity go together. He did, in fact, as he jokingly remarked, deceive the diplomats of Europe by simply telling the truth. His reticences, his evasions, even his deliberate deceptions, will be excused, so long as a general in battle or as the ruler of a state is justified in acting by a code which he would as an individual be condemned for using.

Cavour's wit, his large good-nature, his insatiable interest in life, his simplicity, made him the best of companions. The younger men who served under him came to love him as a father. When he died, one of his lieutenants, La Farina, wept, not for the loss of the chief on whom his own fortunes depended, nor of Italy's mainstay, but for the loss of his best friend. La Farina was no sentimentalist; nor were many others who, like him, shed tears. In Cavour's later years, the people of Turin, having divined his character, lovingly nicknamed him "Papa Camillo." So his nearest counterpart among modern statesmen was plain "Father Abraham" to his countrymen.

William Roscoe Thayer.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the spring of 1909 Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum spent a few weeks in Providence, R. I., and the result of his work now appears in a catalogue of the collection of early-printed books which were brought together by Gen. Rush C. Hawkins and deposited in the library building erected by him there to the memory of his wife, and called the Annmary Brown Memorial.

Gen. Hawkins, now past eighty, is one of the collectors of the past generation. In an introduction to the catalogue, he tells of buying his first book, a "Life of William Wallace," when nine years of age, with the first considerable amount of money he ever possessed. In 1851, he says, "the attending of book-auction sales became a favorite habit," his first collections being in history and literature. In 1855, "without any further purpose than possibly the gratification of passing curiosity," he bought his first fifteenth century book, and this purchase "proved to be the forerunner of a pleasurable occupation, destined to continue through life."

His early aim was to acquire a copy of the first book from as many as possible of the first printing presses set up in each of the two hundred and thirty-eight towns in which printing had been established before 1501. The collection was thus undertaken with one particular object in view: "to perpetuate the memory of the first printers of the fifteenth century and their work," which Gen. Hawkins has, he says, "always regarded as being the most important in its result of any labor ever performed by any one set of workers." The books were almost without exception bought abroad, "less than twenty items in the whole collection" having been purchased in the United States. Gen. Hawkins gives 1884 as the year in which he gave up miscellaneous collecting, afterwards keeping more closely to his chosen line. His general library was sold at Leavitt's in March, 1887, and the catalogue comprises upwards of 2,500 lots. This collection covered almost every branch of literature, and contained upwards of a hundred incunabula.

In 1884 he published a volume: "Titles of the First Books from the Earliest Presses Established in Europe before the End of the Fifteenth Century," compiled primarily, we may presume, as a guide to his own collecting.

The collection as described in Mr. Pollard's admirable catalogue consists of five hundred and forty-two books printed by about 300 different printers in 144 different towns, and in the case of 119 of these towns books from their earliest presses are included. The size of the collection is not important, but its completeness, as exhibiting the development of the art of printing, is remarkable. Besides the description of the books themselves (and these descriptions are, needless to say, bibliographically perfect) Mr. Pollard gives us much other information about the work of the early printers. The arrangement is chronological by countries, towns, and printers. At the head of each town is given in a few lines a succinct general note about the printing done in the town, and a similar, but often fuller, account of each of the printers represented, and his work. There is also a special note about each of the books and whatever is of interest about the copy described. This information is of great importance, as the study of incunabula has been revolutionized since the publication, in 1893, of the late Robert Proctor's "Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum." For example, we quote Mr. Pollard's statement in regard to a recent discovery:

> A group of books in a Roman type with a peculiar form of letter R, whence the name "the R-printer" for their anonymous producer) can now be assigned with practical certainty to Adolf Rusch of Ingweilen, who married Salome, daughter of Johann Mentelin, and seems to have worked simultaneously for his father-in-law and for himself. From an inscription in a copy at Basel of his edition of the Rationale of Duranti we know that Rusch was at work at least as early as 1464, and he was thus the first printer to use Roman type. In 1470 Rusch seems to have told a customer at Nordlingen Fair that he himself was the printer of two books in Mentelin's types (the Terence and Valerius Maximus), but it seems safer to take this as evidence of the position which Rusch held in Mentelin's business than to interpret it as meaning these books were not printed in Mentelin's office.

The Hawkins collection does not contain even a leaf of the Gutenberg Bible, and indeed throughout the great books, which sell for thousands of pounds at sales, the books

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which are the glory of such libraries as those of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hoe are conspicuous by their absence. But the strength and notability of the collection lies in another direction.

We may note here that the Library of Congress has recently acquired, as custodian only, the similar collection of incunabula brought together by the late Hon. John Boyd Thacher of Albany. Mr. Thacher's collection, formed during more than fifty years, is on somewhat the same lines as the Hawkins collection, but is even more extensive. No catalogue of the Thacher collection has been printed, but in a letter written a few months before his death he said of it:

What is my collection? It is composed of representatives of Incunabula of the fifteenth century presses, and this congregation is greater in number than that of any other collection except the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale—and if the proper comparison be made, it will not fall short there.

And at the same time he stated that he owned incunabula from 564 separate presses.

To Mr. Pollard's Catalogue of the Hawkins books is added a supplement giving a list of incunabula in the library of Brown University and the John Carter Brown Library, both collections being housed within a few hundred feet of the Annmary Brown Memorial building.

The volume, a quarto of about four hundred pages, has been printed at the University Press at Gen. Hawkins's expense. Ernest Dressel North of this city is the agent for the sale of copies.

Correspondence.

"GREAT AND GREATER BRITAIN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your recent review of "Great and Greater Britain," by J. Ellis Barker, alias Otto Elzbacher, was very satisfactory, especially for its tone of good-natured badinage, which is the proper treatment for such a book. Your reviewer, however, made one slight mistake. J. Ellis Barker has at length got into "Who's Who," in the last edition for 1910, which your reviewer apparently has not seen. For three years, since I became thoroughly convinced of the charlatanism and unreliability of Mr. Elzbacher, I have searched in vain for information about his training, until I saw this year's "Who's Who." There I learned that he was born in Cologne and was privately educated.

Your reviewer very properly comments on the remarkable fact that in the last Budget campaign the two intellectual leaders of the Tory party in the public print were J. Ellis Barker, "made in Germany," and the renegade Home Ruler, J. L. Garvin, an Irish boy who left school early to go into journalism. Indeed, some trustworthy correspondents have said that Garvin had more influence in fomenting bad blood against Germany, and in goading on the Lords to the rejection of the Budget, than any other Tory leader, even Mr. Balfour.

But the antecedents, training, and unscrupulousness of J. Ellis Barker have an important interest for Americans as well as Englishmen. Last January a thoroughly trustworthy Washington correspondent reported that Senator Lodge had persuaded the Senate to reprint J. Ellis Barker's "101 Points against Free Trade" as a public document, and it is certain that this thoroughly misleading and false document is now being distributed free at the expense of the government as Republican campaign literature.

This circulation of Mr. Barker's partisan brochure is another example of partisan peanut politics on the part of Senator Lodge. This document has been completely discredited by Chiozza-Money's crushing reply, and dissection of Mr. Barker's falsehoods and fallacies. I do not believe that partisan literature on either side should be circulated at government expense; but, if Congress does that sort of thing, let it give both sides a fair hearing. Fortunately, in the autumn campaign we are to have a thorough discussion of the iniquities of the present high tariff.

Mr. Chiozza-Money's reply to each point can be obtained by sending five cents to the London *Daily News*. It would be an education in logic and the tariff question if every earnest voter could study these two pamphlets side by side. The result, I am inclined to think, would be an increase in the votes for a reduction of the tariff, and a decrease in the honest, intelligent, supporters of Senator Lodge in Massachusetts.

George L. Fox.

Seal Harbor, Me., July 28.

INK AND MANUSCRIPTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It gave me great pleasure to read in the letter of my friend, Mr. Ford, in your issue of July 21, that mine in your previous number furnished him amusement, as, I am assured, it has so many other readers—but at the expense of the ink rules of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Historical Societies! Doubtless Mr. Ford, as editor for the former organization, is allowed the use of ink when he needs it, as are those employed by the society here; otherwise it would not be so amusing. Knowing well his excellent rules while in the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, where, as he says, the rule "is lifted as occasion requires, and so falls under the discretion of the guardian," I was astonished to learn that he had not carried them with him to Massachusetts. It is not too late yet.

Indeed, had Mr. Ford read my letter with his usual care—not in vacation—he would have seen that the Congressional Library rule is the one thing I plead for. Let those two great institutions adopt that flexible rule, and there would be no occasion for this letter. As to his statement about the universality of inflexible ink rules, let us see: Dr. Jameson of the Carnegie Institution writes that the use of ink was refused to one of his staff, a man of wide experience, in but one institution in this country. Prof. Charles M. Andrews of Johns Hopkins states that in his work for the Carnegie Institution throughout England not an institution refused him the use of ink under proper conditions. Dr. Jordan of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania tells me he saw the "pencil-pen" in use in Germany, even in the manuscript rooms, and granted me the use of it in editing manuscripts here during the past year. A letter of Librarian Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society, now before me, says: "In general, I should say that most of the libraries and depositories in Europe and America allow the use of ink to those who might come under the class of special investigators."

Mr. Ford cites an instance of injury to manuscript. We could all cite some, but is one going to abandon all railway travel because a wreck somewhere has cost many human lives? Doubtless the Congressional Library has had accidents, also, but that does not prevent it from having, for special investigators of known reputation and serious purpose, a rule that "can be lifted as occasion requires." And let us hope Mr. Ford will transfer that enlightened rule to Massachusetts and cease to be a bad example for Pennsylvania. Mr. Ford would hesitate to say that 75 per cent., or any major proportion of the serious special historical investigators of Europe and America are unworthy or unfit to be trusted to use ink in work with his treasures; but that is precisely what the rules of his society and that of President Pennypacker proclaim upon the housetops, and these gentlemen need not be surprised that it is at last vigorously resented; not by a sweeping indiscriminate censure of all historical societies, but only of the two particular distinguished offenders. Let them enforce ink rules against offenders only, and they will receive the hearty support of all who do not offend. It is absurd to intimate that the world of historical scholarship has not as great concern for its treasures as any society can possibly have. The efforts of many of them in this direction compare favorably with those of any official of historical collections.

Burton Alva Konkle.

Swarthmore, Pa., July 25.

WORK ON HISTORICAL RECORDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter, printed in the *Nation* about a year ago, I called attention to the movement on foot to fill in the gaps in the historical records of America by recourse to European archives, and also mentioned the proposals which had been made for coöperative effort. It may interest many of your readers to know that during the past year substantial progress has been made in this worthy work. In December last, Dr. Rowland of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History reported before the meeting of the American Historical Association in New York city that the sum of $2,000 had been contributed by the Historical Societies of the Mississippi Valley States for the work of preparing a calendar of documents relating to American history in French archives. He stated that Mr. Warren G. Leland, already employed in Paris in research for the Carnegie Institution, had been engaged to superintend the work on the calendar, and to provide for it such expert assistance as he might find necessary.

August 13, when the steamer Minneapolis leaves the harbor of New York, it will bear with it the American deputation to the "International Congress of Archivists," which meets in Brussels August 28. This deputation includes Mr. Gaillard Hunt of the State Department in Washington, Dr.

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Dunbar Rowland of Mississippi, and Mr. Warren G. Leland, named above. These gentlemen, appointed by the American Historical Association, will all read papers. C.

Jackson, Miss., July 28.

"SOUTH" AND "SOUND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Without questioning at all the value and interest of the consideration of "altered quotations" that Mr. Baker proposed in his letter to the *Nation* of July 21, may I suggest that perhaps Hazlitt's reading of "south" for "sound" in "Twelfth Night" is not his own *alteration?* Hazlitt probably memorized the passage from a text not earlier than that of Pope. As Dr. Furness states (Variorum edition of "Twelfth Night," page 9), the "change of 'sound' to *South* maintained its place in the text without question for nigh a hundred and twenty years, from Pope to Knight" (? 1840). The concluding pages of the Variorum note, containing Dr. Furness's personal contribution to the discussion of the reading, are interesting in connection with the "mixed figure" in the reading "sound," the poetry as affected by that reading, and the probable acceptance of "sound" by future editors.

May I call attention to a slip in Dr. Rolfe's letter in the *Nation* of June 30, page 651, column 1? For "the first American edition (1857)" we should read, of course, "the first American edition (1859)."

It may be remembered that to the four readings of the passage in "Merlin and Vivien" that Dr. Rolfe referred to in the paragraph I have just indicated, I added a fifth in my letter in the *Nation* of June 3, 1909. John Edwin Wells.

Hiram College, Hiram, O., July 23.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I appreciate thoroughly the interpretative phrases which—with the space at his command—your reviewer (*Nation,* July 14) gave to certain contributions of mine to "The Younger Choir." But I should like to protest against an impression quite justifiably gained from those contributions in their present printed form. Both poems ("The Celebrants" and 'Christmas on Fifth Avenue") were, without my permission or consent, mutilated by the editors of "The Younger Choir." Each poem consists of two parts: one analytic, one synthetic; one descriptive, one philosophic. The editors of the anthology in question, however, saw fit to print only the first part of each poem, thus giving both (as your reviewer justly observed) an appearance of glaring impressionism in method, and, I may add, of socialistic tendency, utterly alien to my habits of thought and work.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

Charleston, S. C., July 26.

FACSIMILES OF THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The note referring to the facsimile reproduction of the forty-two line Gutenberg Bible (*Nation,* July 28) might have been ampler.

Two facsimile reproductions of this edition are under way—one by the Insel-Verlag in Leipzig and one by Hubert Welter in Paris. The Leipzig reproduction, prepared under the direction of Geheimrat Dr. (*not* Professor) Paul Schwenke, will consist of 20 copies on parchment at 3,000 marks each and 300 copies on paper at 700 marks (850 marks bound). This price for the edition on paper will later be raised to 900 marks. The Paris facsimile will be in two folio volumes of 1,282 pages. Of this 250 copies will be offered at 750 francs each until September 30 next, after which the price will be 1,000 francs. Roscoe Ham.

Brunswick, Me., July 31.

Literature.

A HISTORY OF RELIGION.

Orpheus: A General History of Religions. By Salomon Reinach. Translated by Florence Simmonds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Orphism, says M. Reinach, contained elements common to all religions, drawn from the depths of human nature and nourished by its most cherished illusions, and a little book intended to summarize religions and their histories could not invoke a better patron than Orpheus, poet, musician, theologian, mystagogue, and authorized interpreter of the gods.* In this somewhat fanciful title the author expresses his conception of the unity of religions and the essentially poetic nature of religion; but his work is a summary rather of facts than of principles. Taking Voltaire as his model of narrative style, in his survey of his large field he has cultivated successfully the arts of condensation of material and epigrammatic terseness of expression. The result is an attractive sketch—a skilful presentation of details, with many acute remarks and happy characterizations, clear and vivacious. The division of the text into short numbered paragraphs gives the author freedom to pass easily from one point to another; and, though there are occasional errors of statement, his descriptions, considering the vastness of the field he goes over, are in general remarkably accurate. The style he adopts is not without its inconveniences and dangers: the rapidity of the narration, the great array of detached facts, may become wearisome and confusing to the general reader; and the effort at brilliancy sometimes leads to unwarranted generalizations or superficial judgments. His wit occasionally passes the limits of good taste; he disposes thus, for example (p. 33) of the question as to the relation between the code of Hammurabi (23d century, B.C.) and the little code in Exod. xxi-xxiii (8th century, B.C.):

> The Babylonian code is anterior by six centuries to the date assigned by tradition to the Mosaic code; if, then, this latter was dictated by God to Moses, God must have plagiarized from Hammurabi. Such a conclusion seems, with very good reason, inadmissible to the most universal of German savants, the Emperor William II; in a famous letter addressed to an admiral, he decided that God had successively inspired various eminent men, such as Hammurabi, Moses, Charlemagne, Luther, and his grandfather, William I. This opinion found general acceptance in court circles.

Here a serious historical question is settled by a witticism, and the Emperor is lugged in *vi et armis.*

The introduction points out (following Mannhardt, Frazer, and Robertson Smith) that the basis of much of later religion is to be found in the ideas and usages of savage life. Myths are properly described as largely explanations of ritual. Totemism is identified with the worship of animals and plants and regarded as universal—a view that cannot be brought into harmony with the ordinary definition of totemism and is not supported by recent investigations. The cult of beasts and their connection with gods plays a prominent part in early religion and mythology, and is treated at length by such writers as Andrew Lang and Mannhardt and their followers. M. Reinach's discussion of this point is one of the least satisfactory parts of his work. Impressed by the religious importance of beasts, he leaps to the conclusion that gods were originally animals—Romulus and Remus, Silvanus and Dis Pater were wolves, Athene an owl, Aphrodite a dove, Artemis a bear, Demeter and Persephone sows, Orpheus a fox, Samson a lion, later identified with the sun. But the fairly well assured result of modern observation of savage religion is that the early god is a supernatural anthropomorphic headman, charged with the oversight of the interests of the tribe; and the association of a beast with a god is to be explained as due to a collocation and combination of two independent cults. If the dove was sacred to Aphrodite, this was not because the goddess was originally a dove (she was doubtless originally a patron of fertility), but because her cult coalesced with that of a local divine bird, and the lesser was subordinated to the greater.

Though he allows himself small space for the description of non-Christian cults, M. Reinach has succeeded in giving a clear statement of their main features. The appended bibliographies suggest that he has read widely and well. He deals at greatest length with the "Hebrews, Israelites, and Jews" (these names marking successive periods); the chapter devoted to them is a good outline of Old Testament criticism and a sympathetic sketch of Jewish history since the destruction of Jerusalem. What we miss in his treatment of ancient religions is an exhibition of the development of the religious thought. The material for such a sketch in the great re-

*The original French edition of this book was noticed briefly in the special correspondence of the *Nation,* April 8, 1909.

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ligions is abundant, and M. Reinach is at home in the history of Israel, Greece, and Rome; yet he fails to set forth the social and intellectual movements that produced the successive phases of the Hebrew and Greek cults. True, his principal object is to give an intelligible account of the outward phenomena of the religions of the world—he does not propose to himself a philosophic analysis; but even so, it belongs to the essence of his subject to refer, however briefly, to the ideas that have controlled the course of human religious history.

His main interest is in the history of Christianity, to which nearly half of his volume is devoted. His desire—a most worthy one—is to give French youth a rational explanation of the part that organized religion has played in European life. It is all very well, he says, to exclude religious instruction from the primary schools; but, he adds, "the adolescent pupils of the colleges and higher schools know nothing of the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the Gospels, the origin and evolution of dogmas, save the historical errors taught in the catechisms or the equally pernicious absurdities dear to the free-thinking orator of the wine-shop." This ignorance he thinks deplorable, and he has written this book to guard educated youth both against the unhistorical methods of mere apologists and against the vaporings of unscientific self-sufficient rationalists. This task he has performed with admirable skill; his work is probably the most piquant history of Christianity that has ever been written. It moves from the beginnings to Justinian, to Charles V, to the Encyclopædia, and to the present-day swiftly, clearly, and without hurry. The origin of the New Testament books; the work of Paul, Augustine, and the great Councils; the growth of the monastic orders, and the development of ritual, ceremonies, and dogma; the rise and decline of the temporal power of the Papacy; the Inquisition; the Protestant movement and the Jesuits; mediæval and modern sects; Mormonism; the Salvation Army; Christian Science; the rise of the spirit of free inquiry—all these topics are interwoven into the author's continuous narrative, which reads like a prose epic. M. Reinach has his own point of view—he is an adherent of no form of organized religion; but he respects his rôle of historian, and for the most part confines himself to setting down historical facts without obtruding his religious opinions. He is not indifferent, but he endeavors to be fair in his judgments. He is indignant over the abuses that crept into the Church, but he recognizes the services rendered by the Church to mediæval society. He is no friend of the Jesuits, but he thinks it to their credit that they "developed the useful science which takes note of the shades and degrees of acts no less than of thoughts, and judges them chiefly by their motives"; he denies that they taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and calls Sanchez and Suarez liberal and liberating moralists, who, however, unfortunately "lightened the chains of the human race in order to subdue it the better"; he admires Luther without concealing his faults; while he is in sympathy with the spirit of Arnauld and the other Port-Royalists, he quotes with approval Loisy's remark that the Church had outgrown Augustine; he holds that Voltaire's famous word, *écrasons l'infâme*, referred not merely to superstition, but also to Christianity—but on this point there are differences of opinion.

M. Reinach observes that he here gives for the first time a picture of religions in general considered as natural phenomena, and nothing more. He is not quite right in this supposition, but it is true that heretofore Christianity has not been included formally in manuals of the history of religions. From the point of view of the historian there is no reason why Christianity should be thus isolated—the facts of its development may be described without inquiring into the question of supernatural origin. M. Reinach has given these facts in outline with clearness, so that the reader has an instructive general view of the religious element in our society on its external side. It has not entered into his plan to set forth the historical relation between Christianity and other great religions, especially the Jewish and the Greek. Brief indications of this relation might easily have been inserted, and they would have added no little to the value of the book for the public for which it is intended. But the volume, in its present form, fills a gap in the current religious historical literature, and will be welcome to many to whom the larger histories of Christianity (which are often cumbrous and lacking in clearness) are not accessible.

CURRENT FICTION.

Enchanted Ground. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

We suspect that this story will prove, if not a "best" seller, a very good one. It has many of the qualities which make for popularity—a strong vein of sentiment, a flexible and kindly humor, a plot directly concerned with a pair of young lovers, and a vigorous style. It is far and away the best thing Mr. Smith has done—better than the amusing and sometimes moving short stories which he has contributed to the magazines, better than the delicately conceived but not too robustly executed Cape Breton idyl, "Amedée's Son," which represented this writer's first attempt at the novel form. The theme here is nothing more nor less than the theme which most American novelists have been for some years trying to handle—the struggle of aspiring youth toward its ideals, among the forces of good and evil which encompass him in the life of the modern metropolis.

The Philip Wetherell of this story is a young architectural draughtsman, still among the rank and file in a city office, but full of promise. He has been separated for a year from his betrothed, Georgia Rayburn, a fine, strong, but morally rigid New England girl. The story begins on the very eve of their reunion—a reunion which the man does not foresee. In his loneliness and longing he falls, at the eleventh hour, under the spell of a woman who is in every way the anti-type of his betrothed: the foreign wife of an absentee American husband, not a wicked woman, but irresponsible. The relation between Philip and this woman is not in all ways ugly. Each has a real, if not deep feeling for the other; and they are drawn together by the uncompromising attitude of the virtuous member of the trio. In the revulsion from his first lapse, Philip confesses freely to his betrothed, and is by her cast off as unclean. The experience of the succeeding months through which we follow him leads to a renunciation of his unworthy passion for the sake of two other persons who have come quite casually into his life. Poor Katrinka, the temptress, is removed from the scene, and, in due course, Indignant Virtue, convinced of its unco' guidness, softens toward the repentant one. The means whereby she is convinced might easily be called melodramatic; the whole novel, for that matter, might be dismissed as sentimental. But the fine youthful enthusiasm and the fine manly vigor of the narrative forbid its being disposed of in any such easy way. If a little suspicion of the extraneous and the artificial may attach to the "La Bergère" group and its whimsicality, if we incline to rate the humorous relief of their presence in the story as on the whole uncalled-for, the main story is treated with unusual dignity and charm of mood, and with what may fairly be called distinction of manner.

The Perjurer. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's.

There is an order of English fiction which deals with the social-matrimonial experience of the upper classes in a mood at once reverent and confidential. It admits us, for the nonce, to the company of our betters—fellow-mortals, and, therefore, subject to error, but still worthy, by virtue of their rank and breeding, of more than ordinary consideration. It is an order of very ancient ancestry, and it is destined to survive for untold years. If we have never quite succeeded in acclimating it in this land of the free, that is not because we have not tried our best; and it is to be supposed that there is still among us a

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grateful clientèle for the imported article. Mr. Norris's work belongs to this order. He accepts the thing as it is, but keeps a weather eye upon its imperfections. The British social institution as a whole seems to him a good thing in the best of obtainable worlds, and property seems to him the keystone of that institution. The American commentator is constrained to harp continually upon this foible of the Britisher because it is so continually thrust before him by the over-seas chronicler. John Bull has been unmercifully belabored for his hypocrisies of late, but it is something to his credit that among them is not numbered the pretence that money is an inconsiderable thing. But the deliberate marriage for profit is still a comparatively rare thing over here: it is pretty much confined to the ornamental class which has somewhat painfully imported its notions of marriage, as well as its other notions, from abroad. The notions remain exotic.

The perjurer in question is a retired colonel of the Guard who finds himself upon the verge of old age, a bachelor without occupation, an old man of the world who is tired of the world's game. The certain degree of connoisseurship he can boast is not high enough to absorb him, and gambling is his only keen pleasure. So he meets in Venice a young Englishwoman for whom he conceives the first major emotion of his life. She is ripe for a younger mate, and it only remains for the Colonel to prove the dignity of his love by a supreme self-sacrifice which compromises his social position, and renders him a perjurer in his own eyes. The peculiarly un-American morality of the affair lies in the fact that his sacrifice is executed in order that the girl may marry the good-for-nothing heir to an earldom, whom she does not love, but whom she feels bound to marry so that he may recover and squander the property which the Earl (her uncle) has very sensibly left to her!

At the Sign of the Burning Bush. By M. Little. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Church in Scotland is in a bad way, if this book be a fair picture. But then, when one comes to think of it, according to the story, humanity is in a bad way. A faultier, more disheartingly cheap set of folk it would be hard to find than the clerics and their parishioners who figure in the Glasgow and environs of this book. The writer is evidently suspicious of all who have not lost faith in forms and creeds. "People laugh at everything that isn't heresy or Socialism nowadays," is a speech put into the mouth of one of the least commendable characters. Yet it is a fair résumé of the book's argument and the writer's attitude. The hero, Mackenzie, declares his affection for the church, but practises defiance of every code and convention, using kind-heartedness as a substitute for principle. To prove one amiable, bubble-bursting man an apostle of light—as it were to make a theological holiday—a score of others are butchered, convicted of lack of either sense, dignity, character, or of all three. "That is not always cant in another which would be in ourselves," said Lowell, long ago. In this portrayal of a certain class of Scotch society there are innumerable clever touches, but they are lost in tedious detail and treated in a gasping, hysterical manner. One good, square sense of sin would be a blessing.

A Village of Vagabonds. By F. Berkeley Smith. Color Illustrations by F. Hopkinson Smith, and Pen Drawings by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Smith has inherited much of the sprightly picturesqueness of style which has made his father's writing popular. The Gallic setting is a favorite with both, and the sketch-story, depending for its charm on its local color and rapidly outlined characterization, is the most effective medium of both. There is an odd air of belatedness about the present group of sketches. "Bohemian" is a favorite word with the writer, and the flavor of his book is that of the Latin Quarter literature which flourished twenty years ago; though we believe that delectable if slightly incredible haunt of genius and beauty is not once named in these pages. A painter, more or less disguisedly the author himself, buys a "house abandoned by the marsh" in a remote Norman village, and goes to live there. He is told that it is a "lost hole of a village of *sacré* [*sic*] vagabonds," and he is apparently ready to accept the description on acquaintance. But his notion of a vagabond is of a person who does not live the conventional life of the boulevards. In "Pont du Sable" he finds such intermittent dwellers as Tanrade, famous composer of Parisian ballets; Blondel, an equally Parisian journalist; Alice de Bréville, a lady of fashion destined for Tanrade, and the local *curé*, who is all that a *curé* should be—an assiduous sportsman and boon companion as well as a father to his people. A few peasants—servants, poachers, fisherwomen, and the like—are effectively disposed in the middle distance; but the exiled Parisians are the chief figures, and their love affairs, their benefactions, their days of sport—above all, their meals—are our chief concern. Every bottle is cobwebbed, every one cries "Voila!" and "Chic!" upon the smallest provocation. Every woman is classified as "blonde" or "brunette." ". . . Ah, you dear little women. You who know just when to give those who love you a friendly pressure of the hand, or the gift of your lips if needs be. . . ." It is the kind of thing one highly valued when one was a sophomore; and the sophomoric taste is, we suppose, a pretty stable thing from decade to decade.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

The Livingstons of Livingston Manor. By Edwin Brockholst Livingston. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. $10.

America has no great number of truly aristocratic families, and to very few could that enviable characterization be so rightfully granted as to the Livingstons. Theirs has been an aristocracy not only of wealth and station and social position, but of distinguished service to the country and of intellectual achievement. The members of the family have been eminent not only as lords of a manor, as efficient officers in the colonial wars, worthy representatives in the colonial legislature, and powerful leaders in political factions, but their members have attained a prominence in our national history—Robert R. Livingston as the diplomatic principal in the Louisiana Purchase and as patron of the inventive genius of Robert Fulton, and Edward Livingston as the jurist who constructed the famous Livingston Code. This history of the Livingstons of Livingston Manor is a more than ordinarily interesting book of its kind. It is on the whole well written, and the scholarship is above the average which is devoted to the history of an author's own family. The research is never exhaustive, but it is intelligent, and the author is fair-minded enough not to conceal unpleasant facts about his ancestral heroes. A case in point is the chapter on Robert Livingston and Capt. Kidd, which tells frankly the whole story of Livingston's unfortunate choice of Kidd to command the Adventure Galley, sent out by the government to suppress piracy in the Indian Seas, and his high-handed demand for the £10,000 bond by which he was held for the success of the ventures of the Galley. Of the same nature is the faithful relation of the harsh treatment of the Tories by Gov. William Livingston of New Jersey and Washington's rebuke of his measures.

The author's knowledge of the periods through which he carries the family history is not wide enough to prevent his falling into some errors. A good example is the passage (p. 220) wherein he undertakes to explain why only one of the three Livingstons who were members of the Continental Congress signed the Declaration of Independence. The reason given in the case of Robert R. Livingston is that he was absent from Congress on August 2, when the Declaration was signed, but since eight or ten other members, who were absent

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at the same time, signed later when they were present, there was nothing to prevent Livingston from doing the same. Again, the author seems unaware that Gordon's history is not regarded as an authoritative work written by one who was present and who saw what he chronicled. The deadly parallel column has shown clearly Gordon's dependence upon the *Annual Register*. A too limited acquaintance is shown with the literature of the American Revolution: only the older histories by Bancroft, Frothingham, and Judge Jones are cited, whereas many books and studies which would have been of the greatest use to the writer are clearly unknown to him. In the chapter on the American Pocket Borough the studies of C. L. Becker in the history of political parties in New York (1760-1776) would have saved Mr. Livingston some serious misunderstandings, and would have furnished him with much valuable matter.

The achievements of the family are on the whole modestly related, and only occasionally is the tone boastful. One such instance is the epithet given Robert Livingston, as the man who "gave immortality to Fulton," and another is the assertion that at the surrender of Burgoyne eight Livingstons held commissions in the victorious army. "It is doubtful," the author remarks, "whether any other family can show as many members commissioned officers in the American army on this eventful occasion." Very properly, the book contains a number of refutations of popular slanders against the fair name of the Livingstons. One of the most interesting is the refutation of the slur by John Adams upon William Livingston for his absence from Congress on the occasion of signing of the Declaration of Independence (p. 223). It is clearly demonstrated that Livingston did not sneak away, as Adam imputes. The factional quarrels between the Livingstons and the Clintons are related in an even-handed way in the chapter on the political history after the Revolutionary War, and, in general, the enemies of the Livingstons are not delineated as villains. While the author's attention throughout the whole book is kept riveted on the Livingstons, there are so many letters, records, and other documents containing matters of interest to the general historian, that the work is well worth the attention of students of the colonial and revolutionary times and of the early days of the republic. There are some fifty excellent illustrations, an elaborate genealogical table, and a fair index.

The Ascending Effort. By George Bourne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

With a singular eloquence and conviction Mr. Bourne pleads the validity of what he calls "taste, conscience, or the racial force." This is a power that operates in that large reserve of personality which is not occupied in the mere struggle for existence. Taste presents to the aspiring, to the relatively free part of us, a finer range of choices based on human as opposed to natural selection. We survive by rather small adjustments that only enlist our versatility in part; we really live only on condition of wisely regulating what may be regarded as our surplus energies. To them taste constantly supplies matter worthy of their interest. Taste and conscience are one in dealing with what is supererogatory in the animal man, one also in their attachment to immemorial human tradition.

Art is merely our personal, in a higher sense temperamental, adjustment to selected experience. It never means, with Mr. Bourne, a product, but always a process. The tug of the oar in the water, the appropriation of a sunset, the doing of an act of heroism—all are for him art, all phases of the dynamic of individual expression. And here he brings a handy distinction: This glow from selected experience is the sole subject of art, its only thinkable reason. The subject matter is the particular medium through which the glow is communicated. Criticism of the subject of art is always necessary, criticism of the subject matter is usually superfluous or implied in that of the subject. The idea is very clearly illustrated from Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," the repellent subject matter of which unduly occupied the French courts.

Art and science differ more in material than in temper. Art dictates fine choices among our simple and primary ideas, science imposes fine choices among our secondary and complicated ideas. Science does not need art, but without it is powerless practically to benefit mankind. Art may make men expect and ardently desire the benefits of science:

> Science has no need that the arts should do its work for it. It is perfectly able to teach its own truths to those who are prepared; but it is unable to prepare us, unable to make us desire to hear. And this is the trouble throughout the civilized world. The nations consist of individuals ill-developed in their faculties of choice understanding; people who do not care, and, in fact, are unable, to take the steps recommended by science. Such is the singular pass to which our "practical" outlooks have brought us. . . . Choice recognition and exact theorizing are both to be exercised in the interests of the national conscience. To be constantly on the watch for beauty; to criticise the realities that come and pass, and to question the theories that affect to account for them, is the way of all progress, and art is serviceable because it aids us to be on the watch for beauty. Ugliness, whether in form or color, in conduct or policy, in fashions or feelings—ugliness and dulness and unhappiness and want of sympathy should always be suspect: whenever they occur their necessity should be questioned.

Such extracts represent imperfectly the temper of a delightful book. Its contribution of theory is very slight; essentially the doctrine is merely a restatement of the transcendental æsthetic and ethic of Kant. What is remarkable is the winning presentation of old truths. No one who follows Mr. Bourne to the end will rest comfortable in the conviction that the life of art is a sort of elegant trifling very suitable for the daughters of the rich, but unworthy the attention of grown men and women.

The First Great Canadian: The Story of Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur D'Iberville. By Charles B. Reed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2 net.

In bringing together for the first time the scattered incidents in the life of Iberville, Dr. Reed has completed a task that was well worth the doing, and has performed it exceedingly well. He has succeeded in keeping to the happy mean between the dry-as-dust historian and the historical novelist, and has given us a narrative that is both accurate and readable. The life of Pierre Le Moyne, the "Cid of New France," was, indeed, one to fire the imagination, and it is singular enough that at a time when the book market is flooded annually with every kind of rehash of worn-out themes, a subject so fresh and inspiring should have remained virtually untouched. Dr. Reed first introduces us to the remarkable family to which Iberville belonged: to his father, the original colonist, Charles Le Moyne, who came out to Canada in 1640, and, among many other notable achievements, obtained an unrivalled influence over the crafty and ferocious Iroquois; and to his famous brothers, Jean Baptiste de Bienville, who, after an adventurous career in the North, became Governor of Louisiana; Charles Le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, who became Governor of Canada, as did his son after him; Joseph de Sirigny, who attained high rank in the French navy, and died Governor of Rochefort; and Antoine de Chateauguay, who was associated with Iberville and Bienville, both in Canada and Louisiana, and was afterward made Governor of Cayenne. Nor does this quite complete the tale of the Le Moynes; three other brothers met early deaths fighting for Canada in the Indian wars.

Of Iberville himself we have a more detailed account. Dr. Reed traces his adventurous career from his schoolboy days in Canada, his training in the French navy, and his first expedition to Hudson Bay with De Troyes in 1686, to his death in 1706, at the moment when he had completed ambitious plans for raiding the British colonies from Virginia to Massachusetts. Into these twenty years were crowded such achieve-

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ments as have rarely fallen to the lot of any single man. On four different occasions he made successful expeditions against the English on Hudson Bay; he defeated a much superior English fleet, off Port Nelson, in 1697; seven years before that he led the successful expedition against Schenectady; he captured St. Johns, and laid waste the coast settlements of Newfoundland in 1696, and the same year forced the surrender of Pemaquid. Two years later, "tired of conquering the Bay of Hudson," as he wrote the King, he obtained permission to establish a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, where he could find full scope for both military and diplomatic genius in withstanding the English on one side and the Spanish on the other. Contrary to the predictions of jealous friends at court, he succeeded in this constructive work as conspicuously as he had in his destructive exploits in the north, and laid firm and sure the foundations upon which his brother Bienville afterward built the colony of Louisiana.

Dr. Reed's book is altogether a notable contribution to the literature of early American history.

Notes.

A translation of "Don Quixote" by Robinson Smith, containing in the preface a comparative study of this work, is to be published in September by Routledge.

Some time in October Dr. Postgate is to retire from the editorship of the *Classical Quarterly*.

The drama to 1642 will be the offering of the fifth and sixth volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," to be issued in this country by the Putnams. The early religious drama has been assigned to Professor Creizenach of Cracow; to Professor Cunliffe of Wisconsin early English tragedy; and to F. S. Boas early English comedy. Professor Baker of Harvard has taken the university wits; Prof. Gregory Smith, Marlowe; Shakespeare is treated chiefly by Professor Saintsbury, but a chapter dealing with Shakespeare on the Continent is written by Professor Robertson. Thus far Volume V. The assignments in Volume VI are as follows: Ben Jonson to Professor Thorndike of Columbia; Middleton and Rowley to Arthur S. Symons; Beaumont and Fletcher to G. C. Macaulay; Dr. Koeppel writes on Massinger; Professor Vaughan on Tourneur and Webster; Professor Neilson of Harvard on Ford and Shirley; Harold Child on the Elizabethan Theatre; Professor Manly of Chicago has taken the children of the Chapel Royal; F. S. Boas, university plays; J. Dover Wilson the Puritan attack upon the stage. Dr. A. W. Ward's portion is Thomas Heywood, and certain social and political aspects of the Elizabethan and Stuart age.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot's new book, "Durable Satisfactions of Life," is announced by Thomas Y. Crowell; also the following: the Rev. George A. Andrews's "What Is Essential?"; a collection of addresses on "The Unity of Religion," delivered at Mount Morris church last winter by Friedrich Hirth, A. V. Williams Jackson, Justin Hartley Moore, Rabbi Joseph Silverman, Professor Fagnani, and others; "Rambles in Spain," by John D. Fitz-Gerald; "Rhymes of Home," by Burgess Johnson.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a "Modern Criminal Science Series." The first of the series which will be published in the autumn, is "Criminal Psychology," by Prof. Hans Goss of Graz, Austria. It will be translated by Dr. Horace M. Kallen of Harvard, will contain a special preface for American readers, and an introduction by Prof. Joseph Jastrow of Wisconsin.

The work will be followed later on in the season by "Modern Theories of Criminality," by C. Bernaldo de Quiros, of Madrid. The translator is Dr. Alphonse de Salvio, of Northwestern University; an American preface to accompany the translation has been prepared by the author, while W. W. Smithers of Philadelphia, chairman of the translation committee of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has supplied an introduction. Other volumes to follow, commencing in 1911, include "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," by Cesare Lombroso; "Criminal Sociology," by Enrico Ferri, Professor of Criminal Law and Procedure in the University of Rome; "The Individualization of Punishment," by Raymond Saleilles, professor of Comparative Law in the University of Paris; "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde, late Magistrate in Picardy, France; "Criminality and Economic Conditions," by W. A. Bonger, Doctor in Law of the University of Amsterdam; "Criminology," by Raffaelle Garofalo, late President of the Court of Appeals of Naples; and "Crime and Its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg of Cologne.

Mosher is preparing for the autumn the Venetian Series, which includes: "Siena," by A. C. Swinburne; "Italy, My Italy: 12 Lyrics," by Robert Browning, and "Dante at Verona," by D. G. Rossetti. In the Vest Pocket Series: "Lyric Love," by Robert Browning; "A Defence of Poetry," by Percy Bysshe Shelley. In the Lyric Garland: "London Voluntaries," by William Ernest Henley; "The Riding to Lithend," by Gordon Bottomley; "Lyrical Poems," by Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Golden Text Series contains: "Love in the Valley," by George Meredith; "Thyrsis and the Scholar Gipsy," by Matthew Arnold. Miscellaneous: "A Vision of Giorgione," by Gordon Bottomley; "Passages from the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," chosen by Clara Sherwood Stevens; "Under a Fool's Cap: Songs," by Daniel Henry Holmes; "Plato's Apology of Socrates," by Benjamin Jowett; "Salome: A Tragedy in One Act," by Oscar Wilde.

The two little volumes containing "Letters of Hawthorne to William D. Ticknor, 1851-1864," cannot be said to add much to our knowledge of the illustrious writer, or to be in themselves very interesting. They are welcome, nevertheless, as anything from or about Hawthorne must be. The relations of author and publisher were particularly close and personal in this case, and if these letters, which were written chiefly during Hawthorne's consulship at Liverpool, seem plain and matter-of-fact in comparison with the Notebooks for the corresponding years, it is probable that in some ways they give a truer picture of the real man than is to be obtained from his more deliberate self-portrayal. For one thing we get here the likeness of a man who was by no means devoid of political shrewdness and interests. The business of his office he seems to have conducted ably, though with an occasional lapse into injudicious charity to rogues. His heart was set on laying up a fortune sufficient to enable him to retire and write at leisure, and he has bitter comments on the action of Congress which would cut down his income. Nor does he show any of those signs of morbid unsociability which was so characteristic of his life at Concord. He can drink heartily with his friends and smoke their cigars, and he can also lecture a drunken D.D. with astonishing vigor. But if he shows himself practical, he shows himself equally moody. In one letter England is all to his heart and the very thought of returning to America fills him with dismay; in another he hates all Englishmen and all their ways, and longs for his dear New England. In one thing, however, he scarcely varies—his detestation of blue-stockings. Almost always, when he has to mention one of this tribe, his language becomes acrimonious. They are "scribbling women," "a d—d mob of scribbling women," etc. Other literary judgments worthy of note are his frank confession: "I dislike poetry," and his estimate of Whittier:

> Whittier's book is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion either of his poetry or prose.

The volumes are beautifully printed by the Marion Press for the Carteret Book Club of Newark, N. J., and the edition is limited to one hundred copies. The letters are the property of W. H. Arnold, and the brief introduction is furnished by J. C. D [ana]. This is the first publication of the club. If other unprinted material, as valuable as this, is in the possession of its members, and its printing is always as tasteful as these two volumes, all booklovers will pray for its long life.

"Resources, an Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life," by Stanton Davis Kirkham (Putnam), goes over the classic territory of Intellect, Spirit, Love, Society, Solitude, Nature, Travel, Music—in short, compasses most of the Emersonian repertory. The author's contribution of thin ideality is probably sufficient to refresh these subjects for persons whose reading is limited. A eulogy of the sea, here reprinted, is a fair specimen of what to expect from these essays. Let it serve as incentive or deterrent:

> Consider the sea, how companionable it may be, for it is alive, and has moods of its own. But he who loves the sea will find it as changeable as woman and as inexplicable . . . The changeful sea! It is now opalescent and ethereal, a dream ocean; anon cold and hard in white-capped beauty; leaden and terrible it reveals how thin is the veil that covers here, as in us, the primeval savagery.

Those who open Charles Morley's "London at Prayer" (Dutton) in the hope of edification will not be wholly disappointed. But it is better to take it for what it is: namely, brilliant and sympathetic journalism upon the subject of religion. From the Abbey and the Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, to St. Paul's, through the services of the Salvation Army, Jesuit missions, syna-

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gogues, hidden kirks, and Quaker meeting-houses, our guide conducts us, keeping ever a sensitive eye to the picturesque. Much of the effect of these sketches lies in the skilfully deployed contrast of these various humanitarian endeavors with the remorseless background of great London. Among the most engaging studies are those of song rehearsal at the Foundling Hospital and prayer at the Charterhouse. Mr. Morley's attitude apparently is that of sentimental adherence to all aspiration Godwards, but he does not deny himself the cunning arts of the literary embroiderer. His book touches readily the chords of humor and pathos, is very easy reading, and is reinforced by a number of good sketches by well-known English illustrators.

Autobiographies generally begin well and end tamely. "Marion Harland's," which is published by the Harpers, is no exception. Wholly charming are her recollections of child life spent in upland Virginia and in Richmond. It was a society in which the young people indulged chivalric intimacies, and engagements were never announced. Miss Hawes followed a usual custom in distributing P. P. C. cards from the family coach the day before she became Mrs. Edward Payson Terhune. An aunt who declined to promise to "obey" was satisfied by the qualification, improvised by the clergyman, "to obey in all things consistent." Religion was not the pall it was in New England, but to modern notions its front would seem forbidding enough. There was a school mistress who gave out the word Hell to be spelled and defined, then dwelt upon the theme. "Hell?" she iterated in accents that conveyed the idea of recoiling from an abyss. "Ah—h—h? I wonder which of my little scholars will lie down in everlasting burnings?" At fourteen Miss Hawes was an author. Her first story, "A Marriage from Prudential Motives," was published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, pirated in England, translated into French, then retranslated into English, in which form it was reprinted in America and became the occasion of a copyright suit. Her first novel, "Alone," was printed in her seventeenth year, succeeded well, and eventually brought her the acquaintance of writers whose pale and waning immortality rests on the "Literati" of that Poe whom they misliked.

But "Marion Harland" is really best known for her apostolate of good housekeeping, and in later years as the spiritual counsellor at large for a multitude of newspaper readers. Upon this later activity it would be amusing and perhaps profitable to dwell. There is a certain grotesqueness in a civilization that rests on the rejection of the confessional and all therein implied betaking itself to the neurologist and the salaried dispenser of advice. We note this paradox without wishing to misjudge a function that Mrs. Terhune has filled with patience, sympathy, common-sense, and an unusual measure of culture. The vicissitudes of health and illness, work and travel, of a clergyman's wife, are no doubt unconsciously recorded for this large audience of disciples.

Readers not under this fealty will hardly linger over the later pages. All that concerns the old South is delightful, though the shadows of the picture are omitted. A most eerie ghost story, associated with the Hawes house at Richmond, negro anecdotes of a relishable flavor, reminiscences of Everett, Bayard Taylor, and others, a vivid suggestion of the heartbreaks occasioned by the rebellion—these are some of the valuable features of this friendly record. A characteristic story of John Randolph is the following: Randolph once asked a neighboring planter who was dining at Roanoke if "he would not take a slice of cold meat upon a hot plate" As Juba, Mr. Randolph's body servant, was at the guest's elbow with the hot plate, the gentleman thought he was expected to say "Yes," and, fearing to anger the choleric host, took the plate, accepting the offered cold meat. Whereupon Randolph swore savagely at him for a "lickspittle" and "coward." "You dare not speak up to me like a man!" he snarled. "I asked the question to see what you would say." Again, a negro story is worthy of circulation. In the centre of a great outdoor meeting stood a pitifully small coffin, and the dominie expatiated on the general theme of mortality:

"What is any man, bo'n of woman, my brethren? Up ter-day wid de hoppergrass, and down ter-morrow wid de sparrergrass! Like de flower ob de cornfield, so he spreads hisself." Returning to particulars, the officiant touched the pathetically small box with his foot and said: "As fur dis t'ing:"—rising on his toes in the energy of his contempt—"as fur dis 'ere itum—put de t'ing in de groun'. It's too small fer to be argyin' over."

We liked too the deferred funeral service—a frequent practice up country—that was decorously attended not only by the afflicted widower but by the successor of the relict with an infant child. Admirers of "Marion Harland" will wish the book longer, admirers of Mrs. Terhune will regret that brevity is not among her literary virtues.

In "Early Rhode Island, a Social History of the People," by William Weeden (Grafton Press), one may find some 365 pages of facts, social, economic, political, and personal. Mr. Weeden has got "busy as a moth over some rotten archives," but we cannot forbear wishing that he had taken seriously his own invocation in the preface, "Let us try to comprehend the social life of our forefathers!" The utter lack of any organization of the facts, or effort to interpret their meaning, or to display the evolution of social or economic institutions makes the book of little use except to the specialist, who will find in it a store of raw material. Even a certain chronological advance from chapter to chapter is disturbed by some puzzling aberrations. It is the work of an antiquarian rather than of an historian. There is a great amount of interesting human material, but the subject changes with such amazing rapidity that the mind wearies in the chase. Selecting two pages (226-227) at random, we note that the paragraph subjects change from surveying to the public lottery, to the ferry, to the population, to privateering, to an expedition against Louisburgh, to the fire service, to commerce. The eleven chapters of the book have little more unity. They treat of the founding of Rhode Island and Providence, "The colony and Town of Providence, 1648-1710," "Kings County, the Patriarchal Condition, 1641-1757," "Period Under Charter of Charles II," "The Commercial Growth of Providence, 1711-1762," "Newport in the Eighteenth Century," "The South County," and the book closes with a chapter on the Revolutionary Period and one on the Union to 1790. To all this confusion is added the confusion of involved English. It is very unfortunate to have performed such a large task of research, and then to have left the results almost a mass of débris. The book has a fair index, which adds greatly to its usefulness.

In books on Italy one expects enthusiasm, rhetoric, badly printed Italian, defective scholarship, and again enthusiasm and rhetoric. The formula holds for Max Vernon's "In and out of Florence" (Holt) with the exception that after a brief preliminary flight the rhetoric drops into a sensible chattiness. The book tells the tale of villa hunting, sightseeing in Florence, and excursions as far as La Verna, Pisa, and Lucca. There are many illustrations after stock photographs, with a sprinkling of cuts redrawn from the author's snapshots. The book, saving its scrappiness, some wrong attributions of pictures, and rather stale bibliography, has no harm in it, and some amusement. Over those who think of sojourning in Florence it may exercise a mild evocative charm, but there seems to be really no good reason for adding it to half a dozen similar volumes in the field.

The date gardens in some small oases at the northern edge of the Sahara are described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for July, by Thomas H. Kearney, who visited them to procure palms for the orchards established by the Department of Agriculture in Arizona and California. His account of the methods of cultivation, harvesting, and shipping the more than one hundred distinct varieties of dates from nearly a million trees is instructive and entertaining. "The Story of the Los Angeles Aqueduct," told by Burt A. Heinly, is a description of a most interesting piece of hydraulic construction, which is now in progress in this country. The manner in which water is to be carried two hundred and fifty miles across a desert and beneath the Coast Range, in a tunnel nearly five miles long, is graphically described with the help of numerous illustrations. Not only will water be supplied to the city when the work is completed, probably at the end of 1912, but 200,000 acres of land will be irrigated and power for lighting and running mills will be provided. A trip in Guatemala, a country comparatively unknown to travelers, is pleasantly narrated by Miss Edine F. Tisdel. She found signs of a bright future in the growth of the cities, the rapid extension of railways, the wonderfully fertile soil, and, above all, in the interest the government is taking in education. "There is a school house in every village."

The July number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, opens with the full text of the address of Senator Root as president of the American Society of International Law, delivered in Washington at the annual meeting of that society on April 28. It discusses the theme, the Basis of Protection of American Citizens Residing Abroad. Facilitated by modern means of travelling, multitudes emigrate to foreign countries, so that without any sinister intent they create complications; and the situation is rendered more perilous because, especially in the United States, natives of other lands obtain naturalization apparently for the purpose of

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maintaining residence elsewhere and there enjoying the protection that attaches to American citizenship. The magnitude of this evil may be realized when it is considered that not long since it was estimated that there were in Turkey seven or eight thousand natives who in some way had acquired citizenship here, and had gone home, where they could call upon the American embassy for assistance whenever they thought they were not properly treated by the local government; and at the time of the Algeciras conference it appeared that a similar situation existed even in Morocco. Obviously, this condition was intolerable; and the United States government has determined—and embodied its decision in rules and an act of Congress, March 2, 1907—that when a naturalized citizen departs and remains in the country of his origin for two years or in some other country for five years, such withdrawal and absence shall create a presumption that he has renounced the citizenship he had acquired.

To this same issue Roland B. Faulkner contributes a carefully prepared paper on our relations with Liberia; outlining the chequered career of that republic, both before it declared its independence in 1847 and formed a Constitution, and since. The new commission to this country was appointed in 1908, from the feeling that France was absorbing her territory and Great Britain her government. Our government has also appointed a commission to Liberia, and Mr. Faulkner summarizes the results of that commission's study of the problem. George W. Davis's paper on the United States Sanitary Commission and the Red Cross organization is important, tracing the history of that movement and its practical results. With some suggestions from Crimean history, it practically began with the United States Sanitary Commission, of which Dr. Bellows was president, organized in 1861 and operating in field and hospitals during our entire civil war. Mr. Davis thinks the first Geneva convention would have failed of results had not the practicability of the plan been demonstrated on a colossal scale by facts from our experience there presented. The opening address of Professor Lammasch, president of the Arbitration Board sitting at The Hague, on the Fisheries case arranged for by treaty negotiated by Ambassador Bryce and Mr. Root, though short, indicates the appreciation, by that board, of the weighty matter to be decided. Herr Lammasch declares that all the members have read the vast array of proofs presented, including documents that antedated the American Revolution and including, of course, the Treaty of 1818, but have refrained from forming a conclusion until they shall have heard the arguments of counsel. The most elaborate article is a translation, from the French of Professor Schelle, of a paper on the slave-trade in the Spanish Colonies of America. Spain did not monopolize this trade; she left it largely to others; and this article explains how that happened. The *Assiento*, the Spanish public law term for every contract made for public utility between the government and private individuals, is explained and considered, and the history of the traffic traced. The editorial comment is unusually rich in its record of events making for world peace-meetings.

An important literary undertaking in Germany is the complete critical edition of Wieland, conforming to the Weimar Goethe edition. It appears under the auspices of the Prussian Academy of Sciences (Berlin: Weidmann). Prof. Franz Muncker of Munich, in a preliminary review of the first two volumes, in the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Altertum und Deutsche Litteratur*, has called attention to the extraordinary labor which is being bestowed on this monumental edition. Thus, the "Prolegomena," by Bernhard Teuffert, contains a chronological index of no less than 1,258 of Wieland's writings. Volume I comprises the youthful productions of the poet up to and including 1752; Volume II his versions of five Shakespeare dramas. The latter volume and its successors will be particularly welcomed by literary historians; for the merits of the Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare, extraordinary as they are, have too long overshadowed, at least in popular estimation, the service which Wieland rendered. In Goethe's words ("Rede zum Andenken des edlen Dichters, Bruders und Freundes Wieland"):

> To undertake a translation of Shakespeare in those days was indeed a bold task, the feasibility of which was questioned even by literary men of wide culture. Wieland translated freely, caught the sense of his author, omitted what seemed to him untranslatable.

Benno Rauchenegger, Bavarian humorist and playwright, died last week in Munich. He wrote the farce "Jägerblut," for which he is best known, and a number of other pieces in the Bavarian dialect. He was born in Memmingen in 1843.

The death is announced, in his eighty-second year, of William May Thomas, English author and journalist. He was at various times on the staffs of the *Daily News* and the *Academy*, and wrote for the *Athenæum* and other periodicals. Among his books are "Poetical Works of Collins with Memoirs" (Aldine Poets), "When the Snow Falls," "Pictures in a Mirror," "Life and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu," "and "A Fight for Life."

Science.

BIRD BOOKS.

How to Study Birds: A Practical Guide for Amateur Bird-Lovers and Camera Hunters. By Herbert Keightley Job. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Notes on New England Birds. By Henry D. Thoreau. Arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Our Search for a Wilderness: An Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Mr. Job's previous books are devoted chiefly to descriptions and reproductions of his remarkable bird pictures. The present volume, though it contains similar features, embraces for the most part the wider field indicated by the title. A more sensible and informing discussion of the kind we have never seen. The three chapters, Identifying Birds, Where to Find Birds, and Learning Birds' Songs and Notes, show Mr. Job to be an exceedingly keen and experienced observer, with just as keen descriptive power. They furnish much information concerning the size of birds, their form, and manner of flight:

> The chimney swift moves its wings quite rapidly and continuously, with intervals of gliding, and they are shaped long and narrow throughout. . . . The swallow's wings are pointed and broader at the base than the swift's, nor do they move quite so fast or so irregularly. . . . The meadowlark, with short, rounded wings, flutters and sails alternately. . . . Most of the sparrows have a quick, continuous flight, with rapid wing-beats, and short pauses, but some, like the goldfinch, go by jerks, rising and falling in deep undulations, usually calling as they fly. . . . The woodpeckers also have a wavy flight, but they are larger, and can readily be distinguished. . . . The cuckoos have a rather steady, gliding progression, and a very noticeable length of tail. . . . The blackbird walks, as do the larks, starlings, pipits, ovenbirds, and water thrushes, while the robin, sparrows, and others, usually hop.

All of these generalizations are accurate—except that we should say that the robin *runs*, rather than hops—and each describes a pronounced and easily observed characteristic.

Equally sensible and helpful are Mr. Job's suggestions for identifying birds' songs. "Just as one can infallibly recognize Chopin's 'Polonaise Militaire' or the Wedding March from Lohengrin as soon as the first notes are sounded, so does one the 'conk-a-ree-e' of the red-winged blackbird or the rollicking melody of the bobolink." He wisely refrains from emphasizing the assistance of "word-mnemonics" in identifying calls or songs, nor does he insist too strongly upon the practical helpfulness of attempting to liken bird songs to familiar musical phrases, though it is his own pretty and not altogether fanciful conceit that the "wood thrush calling from out the gloaming" suggests "the opening appeal in Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance,' and again the sweetly solemn thought of Handel's 'Largo' from Xerxes." Incidentally, it may be remarked, some very ridiculous efforts have been made to reduce bird songs to words, notably Bryant's bobolink poem, with its absurd "spink, spank, spink" line; or, still worse, the choleric diatribe attributed by somebody else to the same bird: "Tom Noodle, Tom Noodle, you owe me, you owe me, ten shillings and sixpence"; "I paid you; I paid you"; "You didn't; you didn't; you lie; you thief!" Nobody ever heard a bobolink use such language as that even about his debtors.

Some of the other chapter titles which serve to show the scope of the book are: The Spring Migration, The Nesting Season, The Autumnal Flight, Knowing the Winter Birds, How to Find Birds of

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Prey, Following the Water Birds, and a very sane discussion, Bird-Study for Schools, which all school teachers will do well to read, ponder, and digest. Of the illustrations, almost all are of actual value for purposes of identification, and many of them are really beautiful pictures; the most remarkable being the portrait of a pair of great blue herons on their nest. The two birds are shown standing, one a little behind the other, their heads pointed the same way and even their bills almost parallel. A more effective group could not have been obtained, if the birds had been carefully posed; the camera was so skilfully focussed that the detail of the plumage is clearly shown. Unless Mr. Job's temper is all that his name suggests, however, he must have "said things" when he saw his photograph of the flicker clinging *head downward* to a tree-trunk, which was the result of a blunder by the person who inverted the plate in the page form.

Readers of Thoreau, who happen also to have some acquaintance with New England birds, will be prepared to find Mr. Allen's compilation, "Notes on New England Birds," a contribution to literary history, rather than to ornithological literature. The text of the book has been drawn from the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's "Journal," and from six of his formally prepared works—"A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden," "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "Excursions," and "Miscellanies"—and reproduces presumably all of his recorded observations of birds. Mr. Allen warns the reader that Thoreau "never became an expert ornithologist," because "he was too intent upon becoming an expert analogist," and because "it better suited his genius to trace some analogy between the soaring hawk and his own thoughts than to make a scientific study of the bird"; also because "he lacked many of the helps that to-day smooth the way for the beginner in bird study," such as good books (for he had only Wilson's and Nuttall's ornithologies), and finally because, after abandoning his gun, he used only a small spy-glass which was ill-adapted for the observation of small and swiftly moving birds—like warblers and sparrows.

Yet, taking into account all these circumstances, one cannot help feeling a bit surprised by the very clear evidence which this book furnishes, not only of the incompleteness of Thoreau's knowledge of the birds which he had ample opportunity to observe, but the inaccuracy of some of his observations as he set them down. To begin with, the index of the present volume shows that about 140 different species of birds are treated specifically or incidentally in the text. But this is rather less than half the number of species to be found in New England, while probably not less than 250 species were Thoreau's neighbors or visitors during the two years he lived on the shore of Walden Pond. Strangely enough, he seems not to have known at all such characteristic birds as the yellow-breasted chat, the crested flycatcher, the house wren, the red-breasted nuthatch, the night heron, the orchard oriole, the yellow-billed cuckoo, the pine finch, the golden plover, the black-bellied plover, the piping plover (which breeds on the New England coast), the Virginia rail, the least, and semi-palmated sandpipers, the bald-pate and blue-bill, and various other birds which many amateurs, who get into the woods or alongshore only occasionally, identify readily.

Of the incompleteness or inaccuracy of his observation, there are many illustrations. He speaks of the "white spot"—it is really a distinct *bar*—on the wing of the nighthawk, and though he mentions frequently this bird's peculiar cry, he does not remark that it is usually accompanied, while the bird is flying, by a curious flutter of the wings and a little dash upward; nor does he seem to have noticed the bird's strange habit of perching *lengthwise* along a limb or fence rail. He describes the male scarlet tanager as having black *wings* only, whereas its tail is also black. Evidently he was very familiar with the chickadee, yet he records having heard "for the first time" on March 10, 1852 (that is, in his thirty-fifth year), the bird's "phœbe note," which it sounds constantly in the spring. Of course, he must have heard this note many times before. The most curious of all his actual blunders, however, was his failure to distinguish the hermit thrush from the wood thrush, for it is clear from entries in his "Journal" that he supposed the widely different songs of these birds to be the efforts of one singer. Not only are the songs very different—the hermit's being much the more elaborate, and, to the present writer's ear, the more beautiful performance—but the birds themselves are quite as different in both appearance and habits.

These evidences of very careless observation are the more remarkable in the light of other notes in his works which bespeak keen eyesight and a knowledge of birds that is considerable. For example, he gives quite an accurate and expressive account of the great blue heron's manner of feeding, and his observation of the seven hawks he mentions is in the main correct, though he seems not to have known that the Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk, because of their industrious destruction of game birds and song birds, are not entitled to the admiration which he expresses for hawks in general. In spite of these sins of omission and commission, however, Thoreau saw much and sympathetically, and it is very well worth while to have this intelligently edited compilation of his notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Beebe's handsomely made and richly illustrated volume, "Our Search for a Wilderness," is an entertaining and substantial contribution to the literature of South American exploration. Mr. Beebe, who is curator of ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, is the author of "The Bird, Its Form and Function," a work of first-rate importance, and of other good books about birds. Though some of the chapters in the present volume are written by one of the authors alone, the work was chiefly done in collaboration. It describes three private expeditions, the first (in 1908) to the caños north of the Oronoco Delta and the country about Pitch Lake (La Brea) in Venezuela; the second (in 1909) to the interior of British Guiana, including excursions to the gold mines at Hoorie in the northwest, and on the Little Aremu, in central Guiana; and a third trip to the savanna region further south. The exploration of the Venezuelan caños was made from a little sloop of twenty-one tons, manned by an old Spanish captain, a cook, and a crew of three. In this sloop Mr. and Mrs. Beebe sailed from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to the Gulf of Paria, and thence into the swampy jungles, "The Land of a Single Tree"—the mangrove. Of this remarkable region the authors give an excellent description, not only of the avifauna, but of many other forms of animal life, and also of the great diversity of vegetable life. "Throughout all this great region," they say, "there is not a foot of solid ground. In one place we pushed a tall shoot some eight feet in height straight down through the mud, and it went out of sight. A man falling on this mud, out of reach of aid, would vanish as in quicksand. So the wild creatures of the mangroves must either swim, fly, or climb. No terrestrial beings can exist here." In the Pitch Lake country they found many interesting birds (the cassiques, palm tanagers, sulphur-breasted fly-catchers, chachalacas, yellow woodpeckers, etc., of which they got good pictures), and also much remarkable insect life, including several species of ants, and especially the extraordinary hunting ant. The description given of a foray of these ants is as vivid and instructive as Thoreau's famous account of the ant battle he witnessed. An especially interesting chapter is Mrs. Beebe's contribution, A Woman's Experience in Venezuela, wherein are mingled, in a lively and readable style, not only careful observation and good description, but the products of a very alert sense of humor. The appendices supply a classified list of the birds mentioned, a list of the native Guianan birds, and an alphabetical list of the birds described; there is also a good index.

The *Journal of Geography*, which was for-

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merly edited by Prof. R. E. Dodge, will in the future be under the supervision of Ray Hughes Whitbeck of the University of Wisconsin, and will be published in Madison, Wis.

A summary and companion volume of Dr. Theal's "History of South Africa," intended to serve chiefly as a text-book, will be issued soon by Swan Sonnenschein; it will be called "The Yellow and Dark-Skinned People of Africa," and will deal, in particular, with the ethnography of South Africa.

The American Association for Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality will meet in Baltimore, November 9-11.

The death of Dr. Charles Jewett, president of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and of the Medical Society of the County of Kings, and one of the oldest and best-known practitioners in the State, occurred last Friday at his home in Brooklyn. Dr. Jewett was born in Bath, Me., in 1839; was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1864, and received his master's degree three years later. After completing the course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1871, he began to practise medicine in Brooklyn. He lectured for years at the Long Island Collegiate Hospital, and is said to have been the first American surgeon to perform symphyseotomy. He was a member of several scientific societies, a contributor to the leading medical textbooks and periodicals, and the author of "Essentials of Obstetrics" and "Manual of Child-Bed Nursing."

It is reported from Revelstoke, B. C., that Dr. Charles H. Shaw, professor of biology in the University of Pennsylvania, was drowned in Kinbasket Lake on Tuesday afternoon, while conducting one of his annual trips in the Northwest in the interest of botanical research. Professor Shaw, a man not forty, was for five years professor of biology at the Medico-Chirurgical College, from which he resigned to go to the University of Pennsylvania.

Drama.

Charles Frohman is extending his operations in England beyond London, and is preparing to send a company on a tour of the provinces in "The Arcadians," and another to Australia and New Zealand in the same musical comedy. He has also completed arrangements for the introduction into France of a number of American plays, which are to be adapted by MM. de Caillavet and de Flers for the Paris stage. Among the plays will be William Gillette's "Electricity" and Augustus Thomas's "The Other Girl."

"The Piper," by Mrs. Lionel Marks, which received the prize of £300 given by Otho Stuart, was produced on July 26 at the summer festival at Stratford-on-Avon, by Mr. Benson. There was no lack of warmth in the welcome extended to the play. The theatre was packed, and the applause vigorous and sincere. When the play was over Mrs. Marks was publicly presented with the prize in a silver box, among those present being Sir Charles Wyndham. Commenting upon the play, the London *Times* said:

It was impossible to see the play without enjoying its spirit, its frequent beauties, and the poetry which (fortunately, perhaps, for the effect of a first performance) does not lie wholly in the rhythm of the blank verse and the author's diction. From the point of view of construction, "The Piper" is by no means perfect. The play is episodical. There is continuity of idea, but it is not expressed in continuity of action. Even supposing that the "book" had been treated with the most scrupulous fairness by all the players; there was not that identification of speech with action which, with a practised dramatist, keeps the action developing with every speech; and Mrs. Marks is certainly daring in her treatment of the technique of act-endings. But there was enough movement, poetry, and beauty in the play to tide over the places where the demands of the stage were neglected. Mrs. Marks's attempt to rationalize the Piper's powers, to show that, after all, the only spell is love, were not entirely successful, but wise men will remember the idea and forget the weak spots in its statement.

This year's festival by the Berlin Deutsches Theater Company in the Künstler Theater in Munich, began August 1 and will last until the end of September. Among the plays given will be the first and second parts of Goethe's "Faust," "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," and "Orestes."

A new theatre, the Imperial, built upon Occidental lines, will be opened in Tokio, Japan, in January, and, according to those who have seen the nearly completed exterior, it is likely to be on a par with any in the world. European methods are to be carried still further by Mr. Kawakam and his wife, better known to audiences as Mme. Sada Yacco, who began producing plays with women in the place of men in the female rôles. At first the innovation was bitterly opposed, but it gained favor, became known as the "Shinengeki," and has come to stay. An evidence of the changed attitude is seen in the plans for this new play-house, which is to have a special actresses' school attached to it. What is more, the students of this school are far from being waifs and strays. They are, with scarcely an exception, the daughters of prominent families, and after graduation will be allowed to play only in the Imperial Theatre. Most of these young women began their training under the supervision of Mme. Sada Yacco, and are now being taught by the celebrated actor Baiko.

Art.

ART IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, July 12.

The smaller summer shows at Berlin are mostly of impressionistic flavor. One can hardly visit an exhibition of modern German art without finding evidence of the influence of Vincent Van Gogh. In the Berlin Secession, prominence is given to a typical landscape of the peculiar Hollander. At first sight it is a most uninviting subject, merely a railway embankment and over-head crossing, but it reveals the artist's persistent attempt to endow the inanimate with bodily functions. Van Gogh would have us believe that telegraph poles live, and that sand embankments breathe. In the Berlin Extra-Secession, it is also patent that he is one of the gods of the Neo-Impressionists. Of course, we should expect to find followers for him among his own countrymen. In a small exhibition at the galleries of Paul Cassirer are some half-dozen canvases, from the hand of Von Brockhusen, that might easily be ascribed to his predecessor. In the same collection it is interesting to note the work of C. E. Uphoff, which exhibits evidence of a similar influence. It is also noteworthy that the method of vibrant-points is no longer favored, except for certain effects. A technique of much longer strokes has almost universally replaced it. The Spanish artist, Sorolla, also comes in for his share of imitation. Max Liebermann exhibits a couple of scenes of naked boys sporting in the surf; but there is something more than rivalry with the clever Spaniard in these canvases; they are very spacious. Max Slevogt shows that he has attained a certain mastery over the modern method of handling landscape, but his canvases are almost all duplicates of one another. The exhibition is concluded with a small selection of the works of Renoir, Pissaro, and Sisley. Taking advantage of this opportunity for comparisons, one would say that the artist now sees more quickly than ever before. It is the preservation of the slightest fraction of a second that he gives us. It is as if art were keeping abreast of the development of the camera and the speed of its shutter being constantly increased. MN. M.

Dr. Robert Eisler of Munich has published an elaborate work which he entitles "Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt." It is in two large volumes and contains an almost bewildering mass of learning. The central idea of the work is to trace throughout antiquity and down to the Middle Ages the symbolism of the heavens in works of art, and in all manner of designs from seal cylinders to coronation cloaks. The value of the vast body of material thus brought together is unquestioned, and there is scarcely a page which does not contain an ingenious suggestion. In fact, a general criticism to be passed upon the work is that it contains too many suggestions which impress one as ingenious rather than sound. So, to give a single example, to connect the famous *Mithra* with a doubtful Babylonian word *Mudra,* and this with the Greek *Mitra,* is to build an uncertain hypothesis upon a still more uncertain foundation. On the other hand, his explanations of many curious and hitherto obscure designs on all kinds of objects represent a real addition to our knowledge of ancient and mediæval symbolism. In his footnotes he runs over the entire scale of Greek, Roman, and Oriental literatures, and frequently passes down through the Middle Ages to quotations from English, French, Italian, and German classics. Nothing seems to have escaped his sharp eye, not even an obscure note in an out-of-the-way article in some technical journal. The book is fully illustrated, and the

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collection of pictures, many of them very rare and not accessible, adds to the value of the work. A tolerably complete index enables the reader to find without much difficulty any special point that he may be looking for. It might have been well if Dr. Eisler had, in an introduction, summarized his views and the results of his researches so as to present a general survey of the subject to those who have not the time or the ability to study the entire work. (Munich: Beck.)

That he has discovered the site of the ancient shrine of the Paphian Aphrodite at Rantidi, in Cyprus, is the astonishing announcement of Dr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter, the German archæologist, made in a three-column letter to the London *Times*. The discovery, which according to Dr. Richter occurred last May, was largely the result of chance. Shepherds, living at Rantidi unearthed a number of stones bearing such curious looking characters that they thought to traffic in them. One of the stones came thus, indirectly, to the hands of Dr. Richter, who not only recognized the syllabic inscriptions, as certain others had done, but inferred at once that stones of such antiquity must have come from the neighborhood of the lost shrine. A hasty journey was then made to Rantidi by Dr. Richter and a German friend, where additional proof of a similar kind was gathered. Their argument, given at great length, is not entirely convincing.

Edward Linley Sambourne, chief cartoonist for *Punch* since 1901, died Wednesday, August 3, at the age of sixty-five. He was educated at the City of London School and at Chester College. His first drawing appeared in *Punch* in April, 1867. The books which he illustrated include: "New Sandford and Merton," 1872; "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers," 1874; and Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," 1885.

Finance.

READJUSTING A FINANCIAL POSITION.

Up to the closing week of July, the financial community's attention was directed exclusively to the Stock Exchange. It kept its hand on the pulse of the stock market, and the question which primarily interested it was, would the decline in stocks go on, or would something stop it? Something stopped it—so far as concerned the uninterrupted downward movement—on Wednesday, July 27. People variously ascribed the halt to news that an overloaded syndicate had been saved from complete disaster; that the drought in the corn belt had been broken; that the Steel Corporation's quarterly statement showed better earnings than had been expected; that large financial interests had concluded that prices were low enough to warrant buying. But along with the sigh of relief with which Wall Street greeted the check to the prolonged liquidation, attention was now diverted to the question, what "readjustment" lay ahead in other directions than the Stock Exchange.

The bad elements in this part of the general situation, which led experienced observers to predict trouble even when Stock Exchange prices were at the top, last December, have long since become familiar. They were the country's manifest overproduction in copper and iron, the enormous overhanging mass of new securities with no market on which to place them, the pretty plain evidence that bank loans had been expanded out of reasonable proportion to reserves, the distressing cotton trade situation, and the abnormal reversal of our balance of foreign trade in merchandise, creating the first series of "import balances" witnessed in thirteen years. Looking back, anybody can see to-day how such a combination of adverse influences was bound to bring a halt in the movement of expansion, in and out of Wall Street. Now, however, after the six months' Wall Street liquidation, the question is, how far have we straightened things out again?

Some of the past week's announcements, in the industrial field, have thrown a little light on the question. Overproduction in iron has been met by a drastic cut in output. February's output was high record; in March, it was reduced 1 per cent., in April 2 per cent., in May 7 per cent., in June 2 per cent., in July 8½ per cent., total curtailment between February and July being nearly 20 per cent. The price of iron, meantime, has fallen some 12 per cent.

This is something of a readjustment, but it is partly offset by the consideration that July's output was still beyond the highest monthly product of any year except 1907 and a few months of 1906; and the fact that the trade is all but at a standstill, and that prices continue to fall off, suggests that the readjustment process may not yet be complete. As for the copper trade, the country's monthly output, which had far exceeded consumption during every month since January, and which had also been steadily increasing, was reduced in July some 9 per cent. But consumption also decreased in July, and the unwieldy stock of unsold copper actually increased, though the rate of increase was smaller than of late. Here, too, the trade movement hardly indicates that readjustment is complete.

The question of the market for new securities is hard to read. Heavy reduction in the price of stocks releases capital, and thus should indirectly help the bond market. But the relief is slow, for the reason that the first effect of such a Stock Exchange movement is to unsettle confidence and thus discourage buying of bonds as well. Of its eventual good results, there can be no doubt.

Stock Exchange liquidation has released enormous sums in New York bank loans; combined with large remittances of reserve money from the West and moderate import of gold from Europe, it has increased the surplus bank reserve, at New York city, from less than $9,000,000 at the opening of July to $52,000,000 at the end of the first week in August. This is a very large surplus; it far exceeds the figure reported at this date in any of the sixteen past years save 1908 and 1904—two other years of Stock Exchange liquidation. But against this stand the compiled returns of all the country's 7,000 national banks under the Comptroller's call of June 30, published a few days ago, which not only showed the wholly abnormal increase in loans, within a year, of $394,000,000, but also disclosed the fact that $375,000,000 of this increase occurred in the West and South, where cash reserves, in the meantime, had practically not increased at all. Apparently, this means that readjustment on the interior markets was not yet complete.

The export and import trade in merchandise will go some distance towards settling the question of our command over foreign capital. The June trade statement showed an increase in exports over 1909 and a decrease in imports, turning last year's "import excess" for the month into an export excess. But the export balance was still very much the smallest for June since 1897, and it is perhaps the most interesting problem of the hour how far our grain and cotton exports can help to expand the autumn movement. A 12,000,000-bale cotton crop, as against a 13,800,000-bale crop in 1908, and a 657,000,000-bushel wheat crop, as against a 737,000,000-bushel crop last year, were two of this week's trade estimates. The wheat showing is disappointing, and although the cotton promise is better than the past year's 11,300,000-bale yield, it is still short of what the trade could use. One would have wished for a better forecast in both quarters, when larger crops would have been so serviceable, both to home industry, railway traffic, and the export trade.

But if this review of visible conditions is not over-cheerful, it remains to say that the country has found its way out on other similar occasions of the sort, and similarly without the help of "bumper crops." There was a season of readjustment of this sort in 1903, when the wheat crop turned out 100,000,000 bushels below 1901 and the cotton crop ended the season disastrously. Yet the "export balance," which stood in July at the unusually low figure of $9,300,000 and in August at $7,500,000, rose in October and November of that year to almost the largest figures ever recorded for those months. In 1896, when the country was recovering from a similarly unpleasant industrial position, the wheat and cotton crops ran short again;

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yet in September, the $6,700,000 import balance of the year before was transformed into a $34,000,000 export excess. Financial history tells us that the secret on each of those occasions was such vigorous reduction of inflated prices for the commodities of trade in general, that imports at once returned to normal proportions, while exports, despite the unpropitious harvests, rose to almost forgotten heights. These are the problems which will confront the markets during the next two or three months.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Cabot, E. L. Ethics for Children: A Guide for Teachers and Parents. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Dillingham, R. B. The Quaker Boy. Cochrane Pub. Co.
Gowanus, A. L. Characteristic Passages from the Hundred Best English Prose Writers. Crowell.
Greenough, J. A. B. A Year of Beautiful Thoughts. Crowell. $1.
Grice, J. W. National and Local Finance. London: King & Son.
Haight, T. W. Three Wisconsin Cushings: A Sketch of the Lives of Howard B., Alonzo H., and William B. Cushing. Wisconsin History Commission.
Johnson, O. The Prodigious Hickey. First published as The Eternal Boy. Baker & Taylor. $1.50.
Jones, E. F. The Story of Jesus, Told for Children. Crowell. $1.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. XVI, 1780. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Lermontoff's The Demon. Trans. from the Russian by E. Richter. London: Nutt.
Madison, J. Writings. Vol IX, 1819-1836. Putnam.
Marriott, C. "Now!" Lane Co. $1.50.
Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences. Papers and proceedings third annual meeting, December 2 and 3, 1909, held at the University of Minnesota. $2.
Moody, C. S. Backwoods Surgery and Medicine. Outing Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Morse, L. K. Melodies of English Verse, selected and arranged. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.
Parson, K. A Fast Game: a Novel. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.25.
Polk, J. K. Diary. Edited and annotated by M. M. Quaife. 4 vols. Chicago: McClurg.
Richardson, N. The Lead of Honour. Boston: L. C. Page.
Roberts, G. E. T. Comrades of the Trails. Boston: L. C. Page.
Trent, W. P. Longfellow and Other Essays. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Watson, W. Sable and Purple, with Other Poems. Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Womer, P. P. A Valid Religion for the Times. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Wyche, R. T. Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them. Newson & Co.

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